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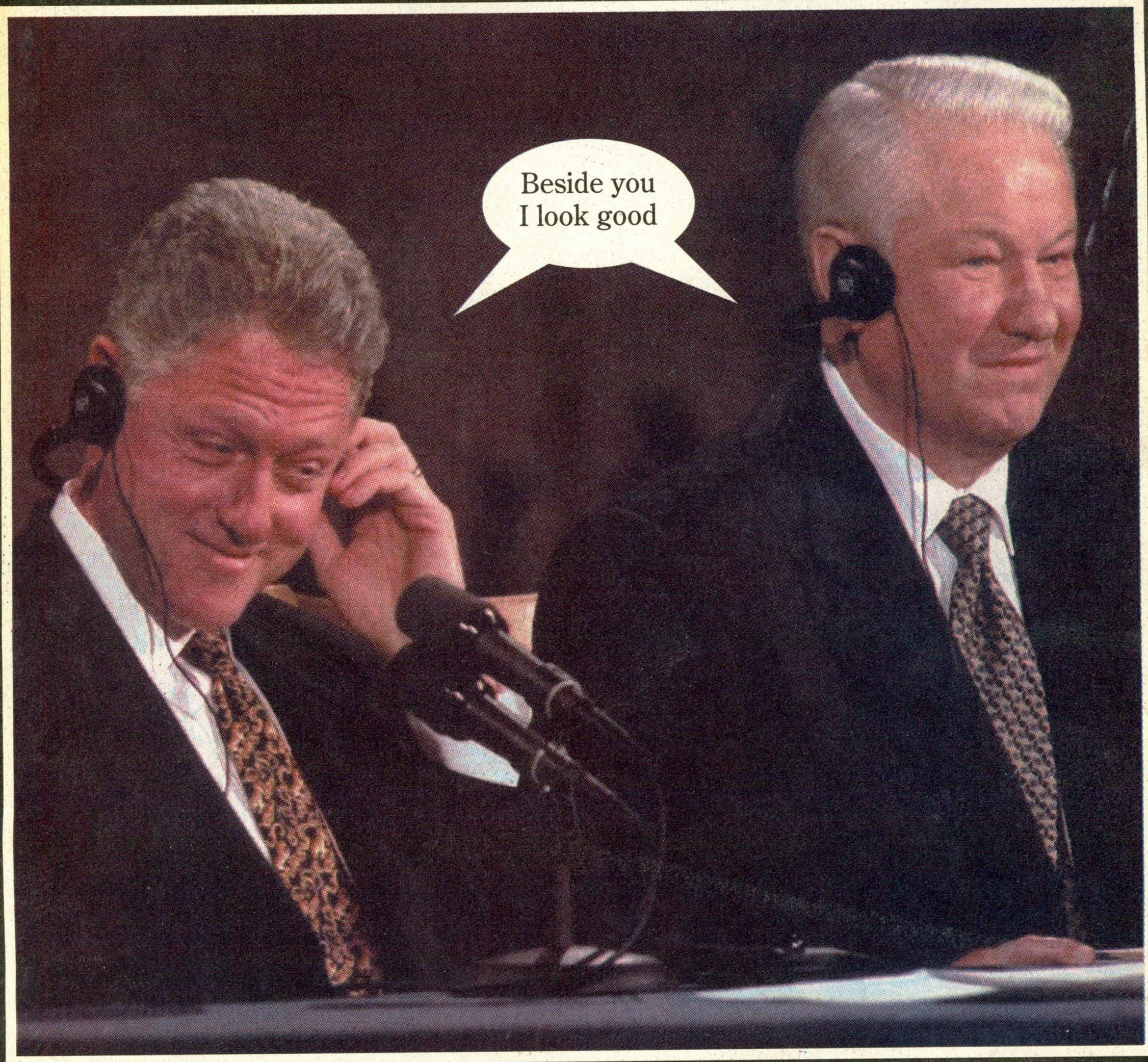

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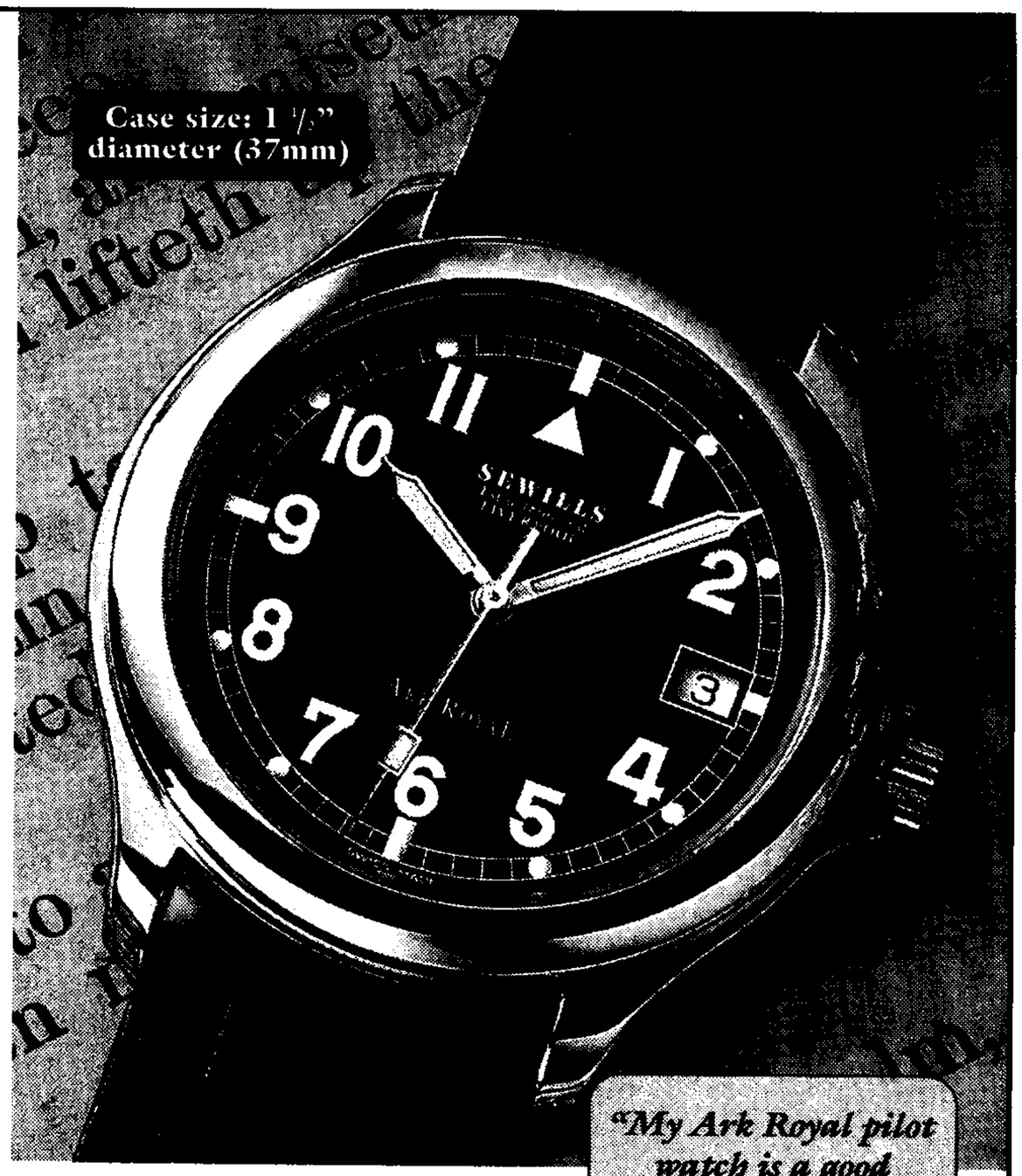

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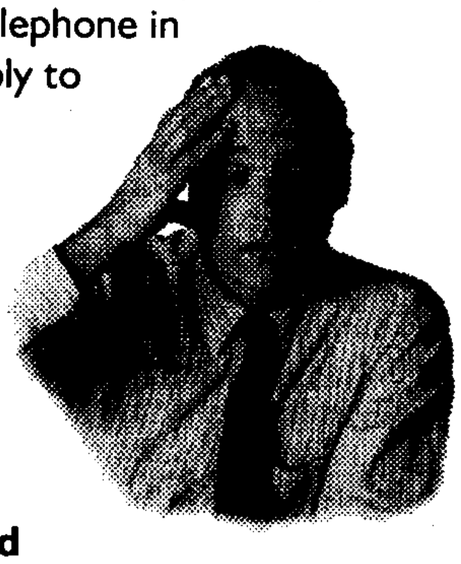

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Gnome

I WAS saddened to read a number of malicious reports in the gutter press suggesting that "one in three" major contributors to Labour Party funds had been rewarded with a peerage or similar acknowledgement of their generosity.

This is quite absurd and shows once again how little newspapers understand either New Labour or the business community.

When I gave Tony's office a large cheque last year I was certainly *not* told that my chances of becoming Lord Gnome were 1 in 3. I was told they were 100%. Otherwise I would not have bothered.

E. Strobes
Lord Gnome
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Tony Blair recalls Parliament

- *Abseiling Mirror man gets his collar felt* .. 6
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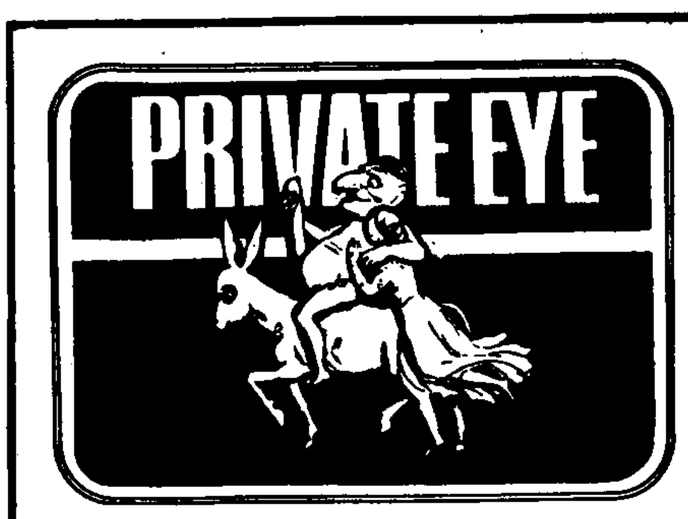


COLOUR SECTION

HOW MUCH did Tony Blair really know in advance about President Clintstone's cruise missile attack on the Khartoum aspirin factory which he was so quick to applaud?

Downing Street is adamant that Clintstone did confer with Blair, who was holidaying in France, just before the raids on Sudan began. But the story from the White House is slightly different. Officials confirm that Clintstone did indeed phone Blair, but the satellite link failed. Conversation was so garbled that the President hung up, vowing "to phone back later".

Not even a dodgy phone call for Robin Cook from the Yanks, however. Her Majesty's Very Important Foreign Secretary found out the old-fashioned way, on his wireless set.

Cook's silence on Sudan is instructive. Foreign Office officials and British diplomats in Khartoum were beside themselves with rage in the aftermath of the raid. For not only had Foreign Office minister Tony Lloyd given an earlier assurance to Parliament that there was no evidence linking the Sudanese regime to the manufacture of poison gas agents, but in recent weeks another Foreign Office minister, Derek Fatchett, had been making progress bringing both sides of Sudan's ruinous civil war together. For the first time in 30 years there was a real prospect of a settlement — until the White House groper let fly.

AS REPORTED in *Eye* 957, Nick Palmer, Labour MP for Broxtowe, has been severely embarrassed by environment secretary John Prescott's decision to allow RJB Mining to go ahead with a plan to extract 1.8 million tonnes of coal from a new open-cast mine at Shortwood Farm, on greenbelt land in his Nottinghamshire constituency.

Local people are overwhelmingly against the scheme, which will provide few jobs and be a disaster for the environment. Palmer had promised voters before the election that Labour would not allow it to go ahead because he had been assured by the then shadow environment secretary, Frank Dobson, that Labour would allow new open-cast mines only under exceptional circumstances. As this pledge also appeared in the Labour manifesto, Palmer felt safe in using it in his campaign. Foolish boy!

Now disgruntled voters are venting their anger by sending Prescott lumps of coal in the post. Palmer, meanwhile, has attempted in a letter to constituents to justify Labour's "appalling" U-turn by claiming that the coal industry had threatened to close many remaining deep mines unless it was allowed to carry on with open-cast projects. In other words, it was more important for Blairco to keep big business happy than honour its manifesto promises.

The manifesto was clear: "Labour will ... operate a presumption against open-cast mining except where it benefits the local community and the environment, and use the planning system to restrict the development of new quarries."

The environment minister now responsible for open-cast mining is Richard Caborn. When opponents of the Shortwood Farm scheme lobbied Parliament earlier this summer, Caborn found a neat way of side-stepping their anger — he simply denied that Labour had ever made any manifesto pledge on the subject!

● AT THE same meeting at which Caborn made an ass of himself, another Nottinghamshire Labour MP, Paddy Tipping, member for Sherwood, categorically assured the worried residents that no greenfield site in their county would be used for open-cast mining. A month later permission for the despoliation of Shortwood Farm was granted.

LORD Irvine of Lairg, our fun-loving Lord Chancellor, has suggested that judges should be able to fine barristers who waste court time with spurious arguments.

There have certainly been several flagrant examples of time-wasting in recent years. One of the worst was in a lawsuit brought by the American publisher Macmillan against three Swiss banks, who were refusing to hand over £100m of Berlitz shares that had been fraudulently pledged by Robert Maxwell as collateral for a loan. Giving judgment in favour of the banks, Mr Justice Millett added a scathing criticism of Macmillan's leading counsel — whom he accused of prolonging the case unnecessarily by spending more than a fortnight arguing that it should be heard in New York rather than under British law.

The barrister in question (who profited hugely from the delay, since he was being paid $5,000 a day by Macmillan) was a certain Derry Irvine QC, now better known as Lord Irvine of Lairg.

GUS McDONALD has had an inauspicious start to his new job as industry minister at the Scottish Office.

He quickly joined chancellor Gordon Brown in condemning "fat cat" pay rises of 18 per cent. Gus knows a thing or two about fat cats, having had a 35 per cent pay rise himself in 1996, when he was head of STV.

Tam Dalyell's claim that Gus was made a minister as his reward for making Scottish Television devolution-friendly during the referendum may not be as paranoid or outlandish as it seems.

McDonald ran a tight ship at STV and later at its parent company, the Scottish Media Group. A look at SMG staffing policy in those years reveals a story of favouritism towards Labour hacks.

STV's political correspondent Fiona Ross is the daughter of ex-secretary of state for Scotland Willie Ross; Scottish Labour's new director of communications is Lorraine Davidson, formerly STV political correspondent at Westminster; Her Labour Party predecessor Paul McKinney was a former political editor at STV and was previously a researcher for Gordon Brown, a close friend of McDonald; Donald Dewar's special advisor, Dave Whitton, is a former STV head of public affairs; Alastair Moffatt, head of STV Enterprises and STV board director, is a close friend of Gordon Brown and recently got a quango appointment to the board of Scottish Screen.

The management of SMG is known to be fattening the organisation for sale. Ugly questions about media monopolies may arise. So it will be good to have sound advice on the subject from government.

"It's the anniversary of Hague wearing that stupid baseball cap"

Street of Shame

DAVID "Rommel" Montgomery, that champion of journalistic excellence, should be delighted by the initiative shown by Mirror Group graduate trainee Tom Newton-Dunn in pursuit of a scoop.

Tom — son of former Tory MEP Bill Newton-Dunn — was on a work placement at the *Mirror*'s Belfast office last week when he was asked to investigate rumours of tired-and-emotional behaviour by American secret servicemen who were in town to prepare for Bill Clinton's visit.

Newton-Dunn and a freelance photographer duly checked into the Europa Hotel, where the Clinton advance party was staying. He then confronted a tricky problem: how to evade the tight security and sneak a look at the Americans' rooms — allegedly the scenes of wild revelry?

Perhaps young Tom had been watching too many James Bond films — or sinking rather too many pints of Guinness. For he then tied several bed-sheets together, climbed out of the window and began abseiling down the outside wall.

Alas! Alarm-bells rang, infra-red lights flashed and the secret servicemen reached for their guns. Within moments the hapless hack and his colleague were dragged away by a posse of burly RUC men.

Tom has now been sent back to London in disgrace while Mirror Group bosses ponder his future. There is, however, one consolation. He will not face any charges, an RUC spokesman tells the *Eye*, since climbing out of hotel windows and risking being shot by secret servicemen "is not a criminal offence".

MIRROR GROUP boss David Montgomery, long the most hated man in the Street of Shame, has now become the most laughed-at.

The Fool Monty's ludicrous proposal to take the *Grauniad* to the Press Complaints Commission over its coverage of the shambles surrounding the Mirror Group's botched attempts to relaunch the *Sporting Life* (see *Eye* 957) has had hacks rolling in the aisles at his pomposity.

If Monty does want to complain to the PCC, he had better get on with it if he wants a result before he gets fired. The commission's wheels grind exceeding slow and there is a huge backlog of complaints, including 110 so far this year against one newspaper stable alone — er, Mirror Group.

AT Mirror Group's Scottish outpost the *Sunday Mail*, columnist Melanie Reid tore into gangster Paul Ferris, jailed for 10 years for weapons offences.

"He is, without doubt, a Scottish celebrity... but what the Scottish public seems incapable of grasping is that Ferris is SCUM... who got rich by destroying people's lives, slashing their faces, providing them with drugs."

The next day this "SCUM" dominated the front page of the *Sunday Mail*'s sister paper the *Daily Record*, as well as pages 4 and 5 and the entire centre spread with "his story in his own words".

TRISTAN DAVIES, *Independent* features supremo and drinking buddy of editor Simon "Pussy" Kelner, is most conscientious about not drinking and driving.

Rather than take the wheel of his company car after a hard evening's brainstorming with Pussy in a Canary Wharf bar, Davies persuaded the *Indie*'s deputy production editor Louis Jebb to drive him home to Balham in it. The following week Davies again found himself very tired after a long shift, and again without sufficient cash for a taxi. Alas it was Chauffeur Jebb's day off. So a bemused casual sub-editor was despatched to the underground car park to bring the great man's vehicle round to the front door and then drive the Executive Editor (Features) home in style.

MORE on Naomi Caine, deputy editor of the *Sunset Times*'s Money section, who commented that building societies were "for ever bleating about the benefits of mutuality, but I am not convinced" while ignoring her family connection (dad John Caine is corporate affairs director of Alliance and Leicester plc, the building society that recently became a bank and lost lots of mortgage customers.)

Her family interests now seem to be spreading through the Money section. In an article entitled "Capped mortgages offer the best of both worlds", a happy customer, Sue Davis, described her delight with her capped mortgage which stands at 6.7 percent.

In fact her rate was 6.75 percent as the table next to the article revealed; and Sue's marvellous example was actually the second highest in the table with other lenders offering a lower rate for longer.

The lender so handsomely featured must be delighted, however. And who was it? Step forward... the Alliance and Leicester.

BRRRNNNG, brrrnnng! *Brrrnnng*, brrrnnng! The telephone shrills on the desk of *Independent on Sunday* sports editor Neil Morton.

"I hear you're looking for a racing correspondent," says a voice. It is Jocelyn Targett, the young genius who was until recently deputy editor of *The Observer*, now sadly under-employed.

"Sorry — no thanks!" says Morton with no more ado, foolishly spurning the opportunity to snap up the Most Talented Man in British Journalism.

But wait! Is not Mirror Group supremo David Montgomery looking for a fourth editor for the yet-to-be-relaunched-someday-maybe *Sporting Life*? Ring Monty quick, Jocelyn — you were made for each other!

FORMER *Torygraph* news editor Jim Allen, fired during the reign of Max "Hitler" Hastings, is back.

Allen was a highly regarded *Telegraph* hack with reporting experience stretching back to Vietnam. Hastings got rid of him with a large pay-off only to encounter him again at the *Evening Standard*. There was only one thing for Hitler to do — pay him off again. Allen has now been welcomed back by the *Torygraph* as night foreign editor. Hastings is unlikely to be so fortunate when his own luck runs out at the *Standard*.

Meanwhile snobbish Hastings has continued his obsession with his reporters' social backgrounds by favouring old Wykehamist Valentine Low. Low and Colin Adamson were covering the aftermath of the Omagh bombing and sharing a byline — or so Adamson thought as he did lots of legwork and Low filed copy in his customary languid manner. Adamson was apoplectic to learn that Hastings had given the front page lead by-line to Low — with the less posh Adamson earning no mention whatsoever.

TOM PETRIE's reign as Man of the People has ended with the *Peephole*'s editor, Neil Wallis, sacking the much-loved tabloid hack [*shome mishtake?* — Ed] to make way for a pisspoor radio presenter.

The new voice of the man in the street is, er, David Mellor — former Tory MP for Putney and partner of Penelope, Viscountess Cobham. His common touch to date extends as far as a football phone-in on Radio 5.

He has been brought on board after initial contractual problems meant Wallis had to beg Petrie to stay after his official leaving date. Rumours abound that Mellor's first column, for which he is receiving a six-figure salary, was rather disappointing, but it's too late for Wallis to change his mind.

At least the appointment shows Mellor bears no grudges — it was the *People* which led to his political downfall by revealing his toe-sucking romps with Antonia de Sancha.

From toe-jobs to loadsa j[illegible] as it were.

JUST FANCY THAT!

"I sat at a bus stop recently watching the — for me — tragic prospects [*sic*] of a man laboriously painting a grammatical error on to the façade of a new shop being opened opposite. The mistake was one of the most ubiquitous in English, writing 'its' instead of 'it's'."

— Rachel Cusk, *Grauniad* Section 2, p17, 18 August.

"*Marie Claire* celebrates it's 10th birthday this month ..."

— Sidelines column, *Grauniad* Section 2, p5, 18 August.

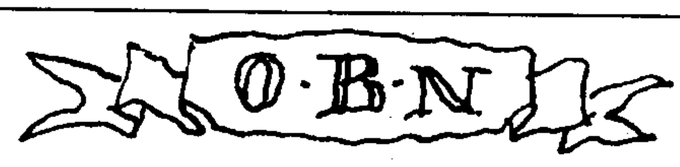
A LITTLE Autumn magic is on its way to *The Express* courtesy of John Lyttle, its showbiz editor.

Lyttle, brought over from the *Independent* by editor Rosie "Rizla" Boycott, is flying out to Australia to cover a celebrity wedding. The paper is even splashing out on a photographer to go and capture the magic moments for a double-page spread. And who is this celebrity? Step forward John Lyttle, "marrying" his boyfriend in a romantic ceremony "Down Under"-style.

DAVID RENNIE, ex-"Peterbore" editor and favourite of *Torygraph* editor Charles Moore, has an exciting new assignment: setting up a new bureau for the paper in China.

Alas, his first meeting with Chinese embassy officials was a disaster. Rennie got a lengthy grilling from the Chinese, who demanded to know why the *Telegraph* was suddenly so interested in their country. Rennie tried to persuade them that the *Telegraph* is very influential in Britain, but for some reason they expressed doubts that the paper was "still in the loop with the government".

Perhaps the Chinese officials' hostility had something to do with the fact that Rennie's father was once head of MI6, an organisation not known for its pro-Chinese tendencies. Or maybe Rennie is suspect simply because he doesn't work for the China-friendly *Times*.



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POLLY TOYNBEE
The Guardian

(Submitted by June Kinchin)

£10 paid for all submissions put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

THESE are bewildering days for those trying to keep up with the deranged fantasies of Mohamed Fayed.

Last month he seemed to have forgotten his theory, given acres of space in the *Daily Moron* in February, that Di and Dodi were murdered at the behest of sinister forces [presumably Brenda and Brian Bonkers]. "I am 99.9 per cent certain," he had told the *Mirror*, "[that] this was not an accident — there was a conspiracy ... I believe there were people who did not want Di and Dodi to be together..."

Instead, he proclaimed, just a week before the anniversary of the crash, Dodi's bodyguards Kes Wingfield and Trevor Rees-Jones were to blame. They "caused the devastation and the accident", said Fayed, "through their incompetence and unprofessional practices. They ... moved away from the rules. They let me down".

On the anniversary itself, however, at the unveiling of his tasteful Di-and-Dodi-with-seagulls shrine at Harrods, there was no mention of incompetent bodyguards and we were back to the conspiracy theory: "The establishment will not accept that Dodi, as an Egyptian and as my son, would have been the man that would have married Diana." Fayed then pronounced an "Egyptian curse" on those responsible and refused to send any message of condolence to the royal family.

Meanwhile, days after *Eye* 957 detailed how teen band Boyzone had been snatched from Mohamed Fayed's grasp by their vigilant record company's A&R department, the New York *Daily News* reported on another attempted celebrity hi-jacking.

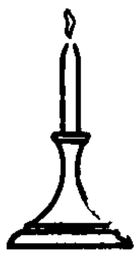
American singer-songwriter George Benson was strolling through Harrods when, presumably alerted by his security team which monitors shoppers and their credit card transactions, Fayed pounced.

Benson told the *News* that Fayed introduced himself and asked him "to write something nice about my boy" because, apparently, "he thinks the world should have a better opinion about him."

That's understandable, but the phoney pharaoh's own comments are hardly helping this process. In one of his many anniversary conspiracy outings, Fayed was given a ridiculous amount of space in the *Express* to blame other people for the loss of his son. "For much of the 1980s Dodi was living in Hollywood and working on various film projects," he noted in passing (and with familiar exaggeration). "He was leading his own life but we kept in close touch. He was enjoying himself dating actresses like Brooke Shields and Winona Ryder. Then, in 1986, I was stunned to hear that, after a brief engagement, he had become engaged to Suzanne Gregard..." If the claim about Ryder was true it would mean that Dodi had been "enjoying himself" with a 14-year-old. In fact, as *Eye* 931 pointed out last August, before the fatal crash, this totally false story had first been fabricated (and then later dropped) by an obscure writer called Nigel Pratt-Dumpster, something Ryder herself subsequently confirmed.

Even if Fayed himself can't be persuaded to face reality, surely papers such as the *Express* should refuse to print his self-torturing thoughts.

HACKWATCH



The mourning papers, one year on...

WITH her unerring eye for the cliche, Suzanne Moore wrote a year ago that "things will never be the same again". *Plus ca change*, **however,** *plus c'est la meme bloody chose*. **The first anniversary of D-Day has again brought out the finest qualities of the British press, including:**

HYPBEROLE ...

"It is a major publishing event ... an extraordinary tribute ... Tomorrow, we give every reader the chance to own Part 1 of our two-part tribute — Diana, the People's Pictures. This is a magazine you will want to treasure, and it comes only with the *Sun*." — The *Sun*, 20 August, promoting yet another pull-out-and-chuck-away supplement.

HUCKSTERING ...

"Here is your chance to own your own special keepsake of Diana, Princess of Wales ... The stylish certificate of condolence features a stunning photo of the princess along with your own message giving your thoughts on Diana's inspirational life and tragic death. To get your special memento certificate, just fill out the coupon above and send it along with a small payment to cover postage and handling. If you would like a copy of the book *Diana, the People's Princess* by the *Sun*'s royal photographer Arthur Edwards and written by royal reporter Charles Rae or the *Diana Photo Album* produced by the *Sun* and Fujifilm, there is space on the coupon for your order." — The *Sun*, 21 August.

HUMBUG ...

"£250m Industry That Is an Insult to the Memory of a Princess. How Traders in Tacky Souvenirs Have Made a Mint." Thus the indignant headline above a double-page feature in the *Express* on 26 August. Oddly, the *Express* doesn't mention its own contributions to the trade, such as the 92-page "special issue" of its Saturday magazine the previous weekend, which was entirely given over to Diana, or the *Express on Sunday* magazine on 23 August, which had a mere 42 pages of Diana photos and the promise of another "special commemorative issue" a week later.

Over in the *Daily Mail*, Mary Riddell joins the crusade against Diana hype: "Last year's mourners may well be fatigued — worn out not by their own, genuine grief, but by the cacophany [*sic*] of those who sought, far more cynically, to exploit Diana's death." Presumably these exploiters don't include the *Mail*, which for the past year has boosted its profits with interminable Diana part-works, plus offers of Diana fashion videos, "Princess of Wales roses" and "Diana scented candles". To mark the anniversary there is also a special edition of *Diana: The Untold Story* by *Mail* hacks Richard Kay and Geoffrey Levy, available for just £14.99.

A stern editorial in the *Independent* on Monday 24 August condemns the media frenzy. "There is too much idolatry about, and we should be clear about where it comes from and who is to blame. The build-up to the anniversary of the car crash in Paris has begun embarrassingly early. Many Sunday newspapers yesterday contained full-colour commemorative supplements. *Newsnight* had its anniversary discussion long ago, and the television schedules are already packed with Dianaphernalia. Yet there is still a week to go to 31 August." Leading by example, the same day's *Independent* has a two-page feature on the "spiritual void" left by Diana's death, and an exclusive Harris poll on her enduring significance. There's another full page of Dianaphernalia the following day, and a promise that the *Inde*'s "After Diana" series will continue every day for the rest of the week.

Another high-minded rebuke comes from the *Sunday Telegraph* on 23 August, with editor Dominic Lawson castigating those newspapers who "continue to make money out of their dead prey" by printing pictures of her. "In the newspaper and magazine tributes that have continued uninterruptedly over the past 12 months there will have been many thousands of photographs of Diana," he complains. "Diana may be dead as a royal, but she lives on as a royalty payment." Naturally enough, his article is promoted at the top of the front page with, er, a large photo of Princess Di.

A week later, on the eve of Diana Day, there's a "special edition" of the *Sunday Telegraph* magazine examining "her legacy" (yawn). Vicki Woods takes up Lawson's gripe about photographs: "We should stop using images of Diana. Let her be." Woods's piece is illustrated by, er, five pictures of Diana.

By 30 August most newspapers have had enough of the whole palaver. "Diana's death was a tragedy," a *Sindie* editorial observes, "but it would be a tragedy too if we were not now to let her rest in peace." But the *Sindie*'s front page has a rather different message: "Diana: what might have been ... Review, p3-p15."

CRYSTAL BALLS ...

In the *Express* on 27 August, royal hack Anthony Holden poses "the question everyone's asking": What if Diana had lived?

"By simply asking the question," he declares, "you confound those critics who argue that the public over-reacted to Diana's death. It took that seismic event — and its complex aftermath — for this country to take a long, hard look at itself and its institutions ...

"It also took that event for Britain to realise that it no longer wants to be a post-imperial pseudo-power, living in its past to the point of atrophy, but a vigorous country looking with enthusiasm to its European future." Those who doubt this are dismissed as contemptible fogeys: "Theirs is a bygone Britain, which Diana is posthumously helping us to consign to the trash can. A 'new', optimistic post-Diana Britain is irresistibly on its way. By the Millennium celebrations, one can't help feeling, its momentum will have become unstoppable."

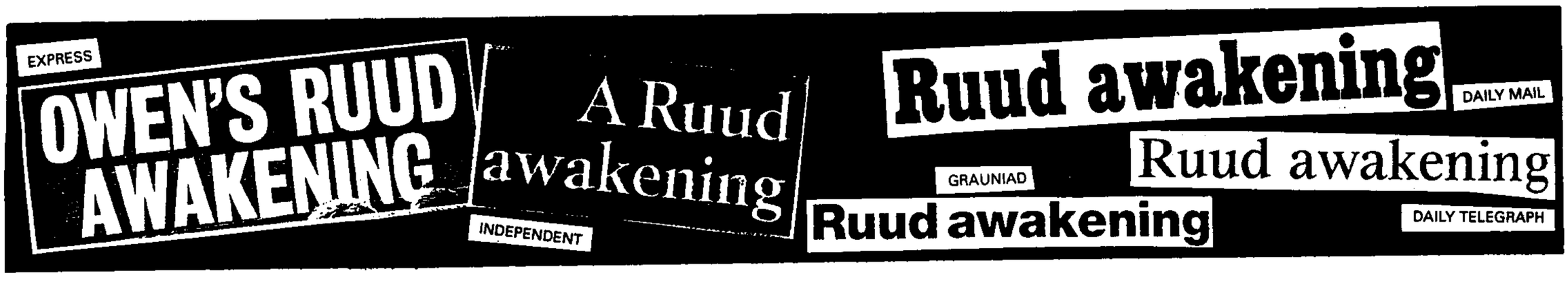
LOONYBINS JOHNSON ...

"The effect of Diana's short life did more to promote Christian values in this country than all the efforts of our state Church in half a century," the devout Christian adulterer Paul Johnson reveals in the *Spectator* on 29 August. "She made people, especially the poor, think seriously about what life is about ... she was the grace of anti-materialism made flesh ...

"Diana miracles will come in time, I am sure. Indeed there may soon be relics, as many people believe her body disappeared and is not where officialdom says it is ... I have not got any of Diana's bones, but I have a folder of her letters, which I cherish. Her handwriting was strong, clear and elegant. I believe she was a good girl, as well as an enchanting one. I pray for, and to, her ..."

... AND, OF COURSE, RAMPANT EGOMANIA

Lynda Lee-Potter in the *Daily Mail*: "We can all remember how we heard the news. I was told by the BBC when they rang in the early hours of that awesome Sunday morning. They were trying to contact my daughter, Charlie, to ask her to present a hastily arranged Radio 4 programme as the terrible details of the car crash slowly emerged. In fact, she was already in London. I drove to the *Daily Mail* through the New Forest and listened to her voice on my car radio..." Fascinating!



A TICKLISH problem inherited by Peter Mandelson in his new job is the long-awaited DTI report on Robert Maxwell's business affairs — already seven years overdue. With his commitment to open government, freedom of information and so forth, Mandy will want to publish it as soon as possible, won't he?

Er, perhaps not. For one man likely to come out of the report very badly indeed is Mandy's chum Lord Donoughue, now an agriculture minister in the squeaky-clean New Labour government. In an earlier incarnation, Donoughue was executive vice-chairman of London and Bishopsgate Investments — the company through which Cap'n Bob organised his illegal "stock lending" operations using the *Mirror* pension fund's shares. Shortly before the general election both Mandelson and Blair were advised by friends to make sure that Donoughue didn't get a ministerial job, but they laughed off the warning.

As if that weren't embarrassing enough, the DTI inquiry may also revive memories of Maxwell's close association with two other figures who are now enjoying the fruits of office — paymaster-general Geoffrey Robinson and Scottish Office minister Helen Liddell.

The original reason for delaying publication of the DTI report was that it couldn't appear while Kevin and Ian Maxwell were facing prosecution. But since their trials are long since over and done with, it's hard to know what excuse can be found for any further postponement. No doubt the ingenious Mandy will think of one.

JACK STRAW'S love affair with the Wackenhut corporation, the American private detective company which engaged in blacklisting "subversives" for so many years, continues.

Wackenhut already runs several British prisons. Now Straw has announced that they are the preferred bidder to run electronic tagging in London, the Eastern region, the Midlands and Wales.

Wackenhut has plenty of experience of electronic and other types of surveillance, but it normally specialises in operations that would embarrass even the Home Secretary.

In 1993, it was revealed that US utility regulators had been spied on. The Florida Public Service Commission was regulating telephone lines which were the subject of a multi-million dollar struggle between phone and cable companies who both wanted to control the lines. Florida Cable Television Association paid $40,000 to private detectives to get information on the individual regulators.

Chief snoop was Richard Lund, an electronics and surveillance expert who had previously worked for Wackenhut and who sub-contracted his old employer to do much of the work. He prepared a computer disk with illegally obtained details of long-distance calls and wrote reports on surveillance of the commissioners' cars and homes. The investigation focused on the regulators' sex lives. The cable TV operators wanted to know whether one commissioner in particular had relationships with women employed by rival phone companies.

Wackenhut's experience in these modern surveillance methods must reassure Straw as he launches into the new adventure of electronic tagging.

THE ballot to elect members for Labour's reformed National Executive Committee is not as secret as one may think.

The party's glossy 20-page NEC voting guide, complete with intro by Tony Blair, gives members the chance not only to vote but also to win a trip to Washington DC courtesy of Virgin Atlantic Airways Ltd. Super!

The guide tells would-be prize winners to complete a coupon stating their name, address and membership number — and to slip it in the prepaid envelope provided for the return of their "secret" ballot paper.

ONE of Tony Blair's newest appointments to the House of Lords, Lord Bassam of Brighton, seems strangely reluctant to furnish details of his illustrious left-wing past.

This sets him aside from the newly-ennobled Gus MacDonald, who was only too happy to remind hacks of his earlier life as a red Clydesider. Bassam, a former anarchist and squatters leader, recently emerged to front a campaign for pro-leadership candidates for Labour's NEC elections. Once upon a time, however, supporting the leadership — any leadership — was the last thing on Steve the Spartist's mind. As a regular contributor to the fearsomely left-wing journal, *Brighton Labour Briefing*, Steve fulminated about the Poll Tax: "Hard work around a radical socialist programme can work wonders for party unity and morale … Labour must confront the government and local Tories with a policy of non-compliance." Definitely New Labour Cabinet material!

62,000
in a month
is the amount
by which the
government
thinks
unemployed
figures have
fallen

EASY MISTAKE

26,000
in a month is
the amount by
which accepted
statistical
method shows
unemployment
to have fallen

LINDSAY HOYLE, Labour MP for Chorley, has handed over his mayoral chain and resigned from Chorley borough council. Locals could hardly believe it when, days after his election as MP (ousting the Tory Den Dover), he agreed to become mayor in the first place.

For two years before the election the then councillor Hoyle had hounded Dover for being a director of two companies, shouting that an MP needed to be full-time with no other interests. If he was elected, he assured voters, he would be a full-time MP. Alas the lure of the ermine proved too great.

Hoyle, a self-confessed expert in job creation, is already making his mark in the Commons. Tony Blair has appointed him to the influential, er, catering committee.

HUGH KERR, the Hertfordshire MEP who was booted out of the Labour Party last year, has received a letter from the party's general secretary designate, Margaret McDonagh, asking him to cough up for Labour's 1000 Club and even consider joining it.

This request has come as a surprise to Kerr, who, when spotting Ms McDonagh sporting a "Can I help you?" badge at last year's Labour conference, promptly asked if he could see the file the party kept on him. "Fuck off," she helpfully replied.

JUST FANCY THAT!

"For Pete's sake get this man in … One man must do well in next week's Cabinet reshuffle. Step up, Peter Mandelson — the minister between portfolios. Mandelson is not liked by many in his party. They think he's too full of himself. That's nonsense."

— Editorial in the *Sun*, 24 July.

"Peter Mandelson's ideally qualified to be in the Cabinet."

— Editorial in the *Sun*, 25 July.

"Today, at last, Tony Blair has the Cabinet he wants … That meant sacking the tired and incompetent, and promoting Peter Mandelson to a job worthy of his talents."

— Editorial in the *Sun*, 27 July.

"Watch out … Mandy's about. Would euro credit it? Peter Mandelson, Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, has been ordered to make scrapping the pound seem more attractive. It appears Mandelson is trying to promote the euro to business leaders behind the scenes. This is a disgrace ... We'll be watching you, Mandy."

— Editorial in the *Sun*, 25 August.

LABOUR's thuggish Welsh Secretary, Ron Davies, is determined that the party faithful remember who is boss and vote for him to be the leader of the Labour Group in the Welsh Assembly (see *Eye passim*).

Amazed that Labour MP Rhodri Morgan, a long time critic of the "Taliban Tendency", should also be seeking the same job, Davies is refusing to debate publicly with him. He told party members in North Wales that he would only speak at a separate meeting on the same night, thereby leaving Morgan to go it alone. So irritated were party stalwarts at such silliness that they threatened to hang a placard reading "Ron Davies" on the empty chair and proceed without him.

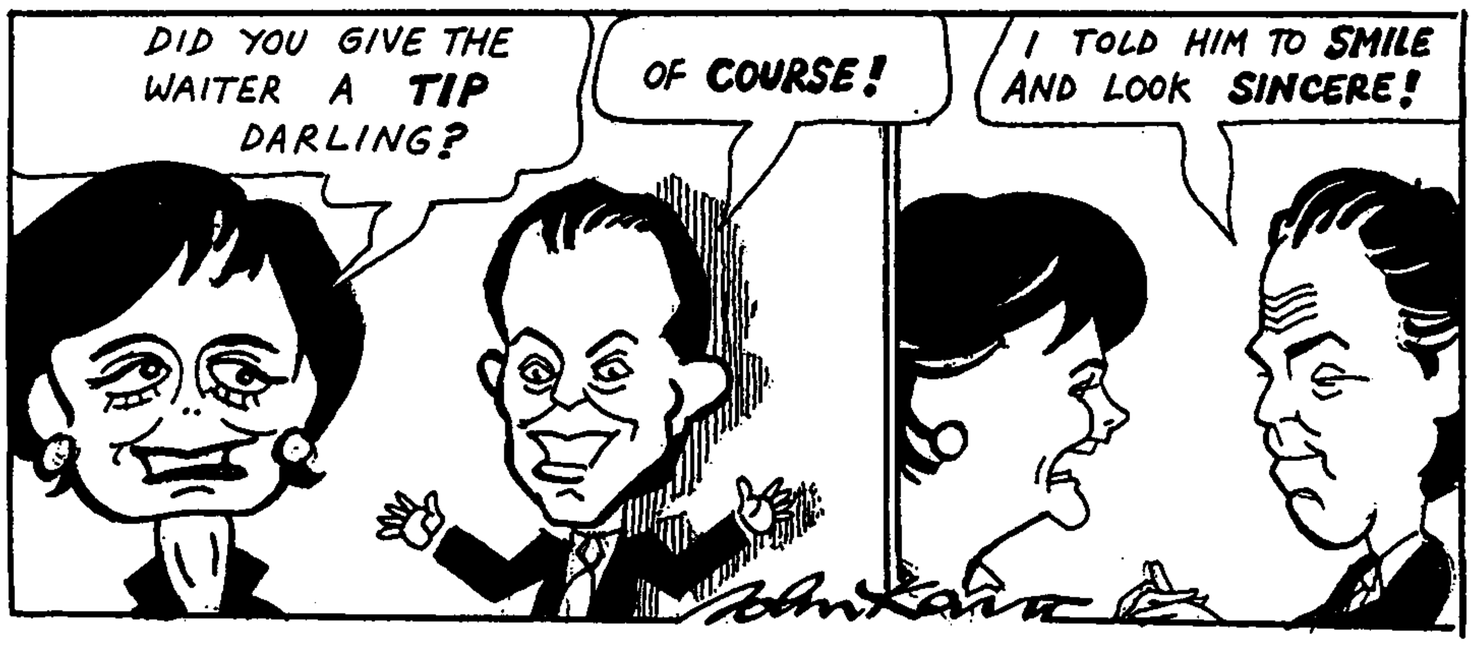
ETHICAL UPDATE

THE scandal surrounding the revelation in April that Britain had lent covert support for a mercenary-assisted, Nigerian-led invasion of military-ruled Sierra Leone was, Tony Blair insisted, a lot of "hoo-haa".

"Lets's not forget," he said, as his ministers floundered in response to allegations of sanctions busting, "the UK was trying to help a democratically elected regime."

In the six months since his return to power, Sierra Leone's elected president, Ahmed Tejan Kabbah, has put on an energetic display of such democratic activities as closing down newspapers critical of his policies, suppressing opposition elements and sponsoring a vengeful tribal militia. His capital is under Nigerian military occupation and a Nigerian officer serves as his defence minister and chief of staff. Many other parts of the country are ravaged by violence and appalling atrocities. Poverty and corruption continue to flourish.

Now the brave democratic regime New Labour helped restore has found guilty 16 civilian supporters of the ousted regime, for the most part journalists and bankers. The sentence passed against these dangerous criminals? To the apparent dismay of the Robin "ethical" Cook … death by hanging.



"Yes, Mr Davies, we noticed the 'other interests' section of your CV – but about your banking experience..."

LORDS FOR HIRE

Continuing the *Eye*'s new series in which we name the peers of the realm who are paid by all manner of commercial interests to 'advise' them. There is nothing illegal about it, their lordships are on their 'personal honour' not to attempt to influence Parliament — and they are, of course, all honourable men. This week, meet the Lords who are Something in the City…

LIFE PEERS

Lord Alexander of Weedon — Chairman of National Westminster Bank plc

Lord Blackwell — Executive officer of National Westminster Bank plc

Lord Derwent — Director of Foreign and Colonial (Pacific) Investment Trust

Lord Garel-Jones — Advisor to the Union Bank of Switzerland

Lord Gillmore — Senior advisor to Barclays de Zoete Wedd; director of Prudential Corporation plc

Lord Griffiths — Vice-Chairman of Goldman-Sachs (Europe)

Lord Howell of Guildford — Advisory director of SBC-Warburg

Lord Hurd — Director of National Westminster Bank plc; Deputy chairman of Nat West Markets

Lord Levene — Senior advisor to Morgan Stanley and Co Ltd

Lord Marlesford — Advisor to Mitsubishi Corporation UK plc

Lord Moore — Director of Credit Suisse Investment Management Group UK Ltd; Chairman of Credit Suisse Asset Management UK Ltd; Director of Central European Growth Fund plc

Lord Nickson — Director of Hambros plc; Chairman of Clydesdale Bank plc

Lord Renwick of Clifton — Director of Robert Fleming Holdings Ltd

Lord Stewartby — Deputy chairman of Standard Chartered plc; Chairman of Throgmorton Trust plc

Lord Stevens — Chairman and director of Premier Asset Management plc

Lord Wakeham — Director of NM Rothschild and Sons Ltd

Lord Williams of Elvel — Parliamentary advisor to Arthur Andersen and Co

HEREDITARY PEERS

Lord Camoys — Director of BZW Holdings Ltd; Director of 3i Group plc; Director of Perpetual plc; Director of National Provident Institution

Lord St John of Bletso — Consultant to Merrill Lynch International (South Africa and the Far East)

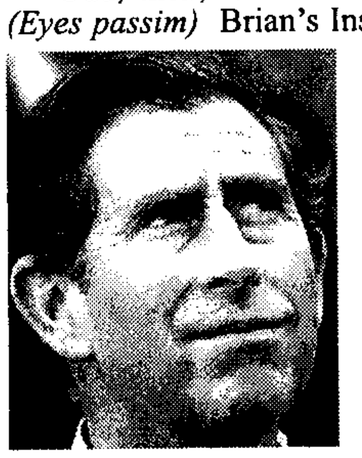
Viscount Trenchard — Director of Kleinwort Benson and certain related companies

'Backbiter'

NOOKS and CORNERS

WHAT's in a name? The Prince of Wales's Institute for Architecture is being rebranded as the Prince of Wales's Foundation for Architecture and the Urban Environment, and to complete the change of image, it is moving from a grand pair of villas by Regent's Park to an old factory in Shoreditch — so gritty, so very real. In a long, bland article in the *Spectator*, Brian (or rather his scriptwriter) informs us that the Institute will now be different and yet the same, and that "I am more confident about its future than I have been for some time."

Odd, then, to think that — earlier this year — *(Eyes passim)* Brian's Institute seemed to be on the brink of collapse. There were lots of resignations, and it emerged that he had been bullied by his courtiers into allowing the trustees to be run by lawyers (Lady Browne-Wilkinson) and public relations men (Mark Bolland) who had no real interest in or knowledge of architecture. *Noblesse oblige*. "I recognise that the Institute as a whole has had its fair share of problems — what new organisation doesn't? — but we have now tackled them. And we have done so decisively..." Well, yes, by killing off the admirable *Perspectives on Architecture* and sacking more people. After all, to get through five directors in six years suggests not so much decisiveness as vacillation and callousness.



Anyway, now we learn that the Institute, sorry, Foundation is not going to be abandoned after all — that would be such bad publicity for poor Brian — but will carry on. So what will it continue to do that will make it significantly different from any other school of architecture? The odd thing is that the new, improved head of the school is Adrian Gale, who once ran the Plymouth School of Architecture. And he also once worked for Mies van der Rohe, the great German modernist who designed that "glass stump" for My Lord Palumbo which HRH once condemned. Did Brian realise this? Still, Gale's wife, a judge, is a friend of Lady Browne-Wilkinson, which is probably more important.

However, Brian tells us in a clever, trite phrase, "my new Foundation will be modern, but not *modernist*". Which would be fine, if we didn't know that he only likes buildings that have columns and pediments plastered all over them. And then he tells us that "it will not tolerate pastiche". Now, *pastiche* is one of those loaded words used by mindless architects to condemn anything vaguely traditional without bothering to look or think. But what is Poundbury, the traditional development near Dorchester promoted by the Duchy of Cornwall — which, Brian assures us, is "a huge success" — if not a pastiche as understood by Mr Gale and so many architects like him?

It's all such a muddle, really. And all rather a pity, as the Institute — with its emphasis on continuity and the value of traditional ways of building — had a great deal to offer until Brian managed to discredit all the ideas he had adopted by failing to stand up to those who surround him.

ANOTHER institution which has much to be said for it is the Royal Fine Arts Commission. It may sometimes seem to be the personal fiefdom of the often risible celebrity who has enjoyed himself being its chairman for the last decade, My Lord St John of Stevas, but it has the merit of being an independent critical body whose opinions carry a degree of moral weight, while its members do not just consist of architects. So it is much disliked by architects who only believe in the supremacy of their own egos and cannot tolerate any criticism.

Now the Department for Culture, Media and Sport has issued a consultation paper on architecture which may threaten this "national arbiter of good architecture". The government thinks it ought to be encouraging "good architecture" (whatever that may be) as well a doling out lottery cash and "we would like to see the department better able to give a strategic lead". So four options are put forward: to leave things as they are, to create a new advisory committee serviced by the department, to expand the present Arts Council's architecture unit, or to transfer this unit to a strengthened and renamed RFAC.

Now surely only the first and last are acceptable, for the Arts Council has never really been happy with architecture while a "design review" body run by Chris Smith's department would cease to be independent and at arm's length from government. Particularly not a government which is advised on architecture by the likes of My Lord Rogers.

So long live the Royal Fine Arts Commission: it is needed.

'Piloti'

WATER NEWS

ONE OF Peter Mandelson's first jobs as Trade Secretary will be to decide whether to refer Enron's bid to take over Wessex Water to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission. To help the king of spin, here are a few facts he ought to bear in mind about the Texas-based natural gas company.

In 1995 *Multinational Monitor* named Enron one of the world's Ten Worst Corporations. It earned this reputation largely through its activities in India, where it was building a huge power plant. Economists from Prayas, a non-governmental organisation in Maharashtra, pointed out that the $2.8bn (£1.75bn) their government was being charged by Enron was twice what the company had charged for a similar plant it built in Teesside. Others were concerned after hundreds of villagers stormed the Enron site, which they said would destroy their livelihoods. The Indian government reacted to these criticisms by ordering a review of the contract.

The US government reacted strongly, saying failure to honour the contract would "jeopardise … most, if not all, of the other private power projects being proposed for international financing". Mack McLarty, a White House counsellor, then monitored the project and gave useful briefings to Enron's chairman. In June 1996, four days before India gave its approval to the Enron project, the company gave $100,000 to the Democratic Party.

Now the company has its eyes on Wessex Water, which itself recently tried to take over South West Water. The leap in SWW's share price when the Enron bid for Wessex was announced shows City observers believe they will try for a takeover that would leave them in control of a large swathe of the West Country's water supply.

All very tricky for the new Trade Secretary, but at least Mandy can be relied on not to buckle under Enron's persuasive lobbying tactics.

EDS HUMBUG

NOT content with taking over enormous numbers of public sector computer contracts, EDS has lodged a formal complaint with Lord Irvine about its rivals doing the same thing.

Even within the relatively obscure Defence and Evaluation Research Agency EDS is carrying out 135 contracts. But when EDS's bid to computerise Britain's magistrates courts was turned down in favour of its rival ICL, EDS saw red. The Texan-based firm pointed out that its bid was lower than ICL's by £50m, and that it had been informed of faults in its projected software too late to change them.

Shame. You might have thought the company was busy enough coping with its late-running, budget-busting contract with the Inland Revenue to introduce self-assessment.

PS: EDS revealed a caring sharing side in its 1997 review: "The death of Diana, Princess of Wales, generated a wave of public grief. EDS made a small contribution to the Palace's efforts to answer the hundreds of thousands of letters of condolence by seconding staff and loaning PCs to speed up the process of acknowledging the public's messages."

TV

Maisie Raine (BBC1)
The Bill (ITV)

IT IS hard to say who is worst served by television drama these days: the people who watch it or the people who have to make it. After all, the people who watch it can always watch something else, or throw themselves under the wheels of a passing juggernaut. The people who make the stuff, by contrast, are seemingly doomed to lives of endless repetition and underachievement.

Imagine, if you can, the sheer grinding misery of having to produce another cop show. What can be done that hasn't been done 100,000 times before? What can be said that hasn't been said? Who can be killed who hasn't been killed? Nothing, nothing and no one. And yet the commissioning editors want another cop show. They will want a couple more next week, and three or four the week after. They know what the punters want, even if the punters don't know it themselves.

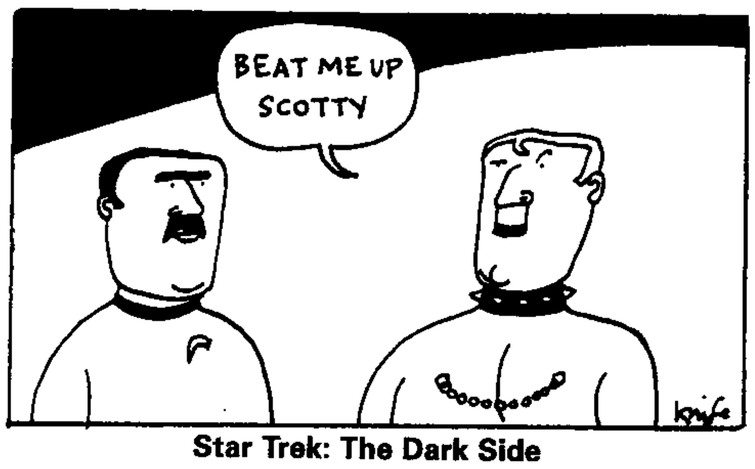
And it's true that 8.07 million viewers tuned in to the first episode of Maisie Raine at the end of July. After you have deducted the bedridden, the insensible, the mentally distressed and Pauline Quirke's immediate family, this represent a fair return in the dog days of midsummer and reflects Ms Quirke's broad popularity. By week two, however, the figure was down to 6.66 million, and further plummets can be expected. Viewers had swiftly realised that this was just another cop show, with only one distinguishing feature: a detective who was actually working class. The police in real life may be solidly unbourgeois, but you'll rarely find one in TV who didn't go to RADA.

Ingeniously — or maybe because they have nothing else to write about — the show's writers have managed to transform this tiny quirk (or quirke) into a fully-fledged subtext to keep the plots going in between all the usual random killings. Maisie's personal battleground, then, is class. She needs something to react against, so we are presented with possibly the most middle class CID team in the history of crime. Everyone goes to classical concerts in their spare time, and the senior woman detective sounds like Hannah Gordon. All posh people are horrible, and when they deign to speak to Maisie, say things like "You can go now, thank you." Maisie, by contrast, is loyal, thoughtful, humorous, resourceful and about as believable, in her own way, as Lord Peter Wimsey.

But then this show doesn't have to be believable. All it has to do is star Pauline Quirke, for whom this is the laziest of drama vehicles. A comedy star wants to play straight without moving too far from her established persona. Solution: make her a policeperson. Pity the poor writers, directors and actors hired to make something watchable out of this cruelly unpromising idea. The irony of Maisie Raine is that they have done an excellent job: within its dreary remit, it's a well-crafted piece of work. Imagine what they could have done with a programme that was actually worth making.

Meanwhile The Bill, which ITV has been shamelessly running into the ground for several years, has re-emerged after another refit. From mid-September it will again be shown in hour-long episodes, with a new soapier emphasis on the characters' personal lives. The first fruits of this new approach, last week's four-parter about the relationship between PC Santini and WPC Fox, were actually quite promising. But after years of Sun Hill overkill, with so many episodes a week you felt you had already seen every one at least five times, does anyone still care enough to carry on watching? Not that it much matters, with a new Lynda La Plante police procedural, Supply and Demand, starting this week, Granada's vice squad six-parter, Liverpool 1, the following week and Tony Garnett's Cops coming soon on BBC2. And let's not forget the second exciting series of Maisie Raine, due early in the new year. It's almost enough to tempt you into a life of crime...

'Couch Potato'



Star Trek: The Dark Side

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

THE BBC has a fine set of rehearsal studios at Maida Vale which have for many years been used by the corporation's own orchestras and choirs.

In these days of Birt-inspired "producer choice" bollocks, however, the BBC suits have made hiring the studios to their own staff so expensive that they are finding it cheaper to go elsewhere. The BBC Singers, for example, are spending most of September and October rehearsing at the privately-run Amadeus Centre rehearsal rooms just down the road, because they can't afford the over-administered and cross-charged BBC studios.

In the end, no doubt, no one at the BBC will be able to afford to use the BBC's own facilities — and the suits will have an excuse for flogging them off. Trebles all round!

MEDIA NEWS

IN WHAT is likely to become an annual ritual, the BBC's head of commercial and business affairs, Chris Pye, despatched the following memo to all heads of department at the corporation on 19 August:

"As the date for the anniversary of Diana's death approaches I thought it prudent to remind you that ALL your programme output for weeks 34 and 35 should be checked most carefully for content. Obviously this should include anything from car chases/crashes in large dark cars to derogatory remarks about the Royal Family, etc."

Pye added, rather menacingly, that in the event of "a problem arising" heads of department would be held personally responsible.

Without a clear definition of what might constitute "derogatory remarks", nervous programme bosses decided to play safe — which explains why the BBC, unlike Channel 4, didn't permit a single dissenting or sceptical opinion about Dimania into its schedules for the entire fortnight surrounding D-Day.

HTV West, the Bristol-based ITV company, are as keen as any broadcaster not to offend public decency.

Two days after the Omagh bombing the decision was taken to postpone a scheduled episode of the police drama *Cracker*, the plot of which involved a psychopath's mission to avenge the Hillsborough disaster by setting off bombs in public places. It was felt that the best course of action would be to quietly pull the episode in the name of taste, and put on a film instead.

All very sensitive, apart from the fact that the film chosen to replace it was Sylvester Stallone's *Demolition Man*, which, not 10 minutes into the action, features a huge terrorist explosion which destroys a building and kills a large number of hostages.

JOHN BIRT's obsession with 24-hour news broadcasting is at least partly founded on the belief that a round-the-clock news service could generate huge long-term revenues for the BBC.

For years, Birtists have argued that CNN and its imitators should be challenged by our public service broadcaster, although naturally national and institutional pride mattered at least as much as the potential loot.

The pathetic BBC News 24 is the result, a service which is rapidly turning the corporation into a laughing stock in those few parts of the world which can actually see it.

Regardless, Birt still craves News 24's global expansion, especially in the US, where apparently there is an insatiable demand for news.

The latest ratings are a bit of a shock then. In the run-up to the Lewinsky saga and the coincidental cruise missile strikes, CNN's peak audience dropped to a nightly average of just 593,000.

Meanwhile its big rival MSNBC, owned jointly by Microsoft and NBC, managed a pathetic household viewership of just 134,000.

When Birt eventually gets the British-oriented News 24 on air across the Atlantic, its potential audience may well be as low as 10 per cent of MSNBC's home-grown channel.

Value for money
IS IT WORTH PAYING FOR SOMETHING OVERPRICED?...
FOR WHAT THE PUBLIC DON'T WANT?...
AND IS OF NO REAL USE TO ANYONE?...
THE BBC THINK SO!
TV LICENCES
"And that's just what she weighs!"
Contract
A MILLION POUNDS
Vanessa

AS A former producer of *The Tube* and ex-head of documentaries at Carlton, Paul Corley clearly has a wealth of experience. And in his latest berth as chief executive of Border TV in Carlisle (the station once presided over by milord Melvyn Bragg) he is also gaining useful experience of wealth.

On 24 July he bought 50,000 shares in Border at 283p each. At the same time, coincidentally, 1,000 shares were bought by Ann Graham, wife of Border chairman James Graham, and another 2,000 by David Trimble, a non-executive director of Border TV. Lo and behold, two weeks later it was revealed that Scottish Radio Holdings had approached Border to discuss a takeover bid, and the share price soared to 357p — yielding a paper *profit* of £37,000 for Corley and smaller but useful *gains* for Graham and Trimble.

Scottish Radio's approach was rebuffed, but the share-price has remained high ever since, as investors have realised that Border's success in winning the North-West radio franchise — which starts in September — makes it an attractive takeover prospect.

Here's the clever bit. To pre-empt any raised eyebrows about the timing of these share-deals, Border bosses leaked the story to the local *Cumberland News*, itself a major shareholder in Border TV. The paper duly applied a sympathetic spin, reporting that "there was no doubt that the directors acted properly when they bought the shares". Although the *Investors Chronicle* has claimed that Scottish radio held exploratory talks with Border TV executives before its formal written approach reached Carlisle on 7 August, Border's managing director Pete Brownlow assured the *Cumberland News* that Corley hadn't been acting on inside information — merely "backing his hunch that the company's shares were too cheap".

Plugged In

Sky specialise in finding gorgeous presenters who really know their stuff.. Now they have another eye-catcher in Sports Centre anchor girl Kirsty Gallacher. The BBC and ITV should quickly be told "Hands off!"

NORMAN GILLER
The Sun

(Submitted by Alan Minnithorpe)

An occasional column devoted to cross-media plugs masquerading as news.

CARLTON Television, still red-faced after its hard-hitting drug smuggling expose *The Connection* was revealed to be a fake, has cocked-up again.

A *London Today* "investigation" at the end of June suggested that proxy votes for the May local elections had been misused, to the extent that Labour had been deprived of victory in many wards.

Two women claimed their votes for the May local elections were given by proxy without their knowledge. In fact both *had* received letters from the returning officer, acknowledging receipt of their request to vote by proxy and telling them how to cancel if they changed their minds.

London Today's reporter Clare Rewcastle talked of "serious question marks" over the way Lib Dem votes were won and "something fishy" going on. Resident Abdur Rahim Mulla said on the programme he didn't know how someone "got the right to make a proxy vote on his behalf". But two days before it was screened he discovered a friend had organised his proxy vote, so he told Rewcastle to spike his contribution — yet it still went on air.

All political parties were given a full list of proxy votes before the elections — not mentioned. Out of 970 proxy votes in Hackney, 540 were in wards where there was no Lib Dem candidate — not mentioned.

Never mind the lack of facts — feel the sensation!

THE Advertising Standards Authority has blithely cleared Microsoft of breaching advertising guidelines by encouraging its customers to create counterfeit documents including fake press cards.

The National Union of Journalists was among many who complained, pointing out that the lives of real journalists have often been put at risk by security forces and others posing as reporters.

Yet Microsoft's expensive advertising campaign in the national press clearly included a false press card among the documents created by "sleuth Alan Weston" who used Microsoft computer software to create "a host of different identities".

Under the chairmanship of Lord Bill Rodgers, the soporific ASA ruled that "the advertisement did not encourage readers to produce false identity documents". 'Course not. It just gave them the idea and showed how easy it is to do.

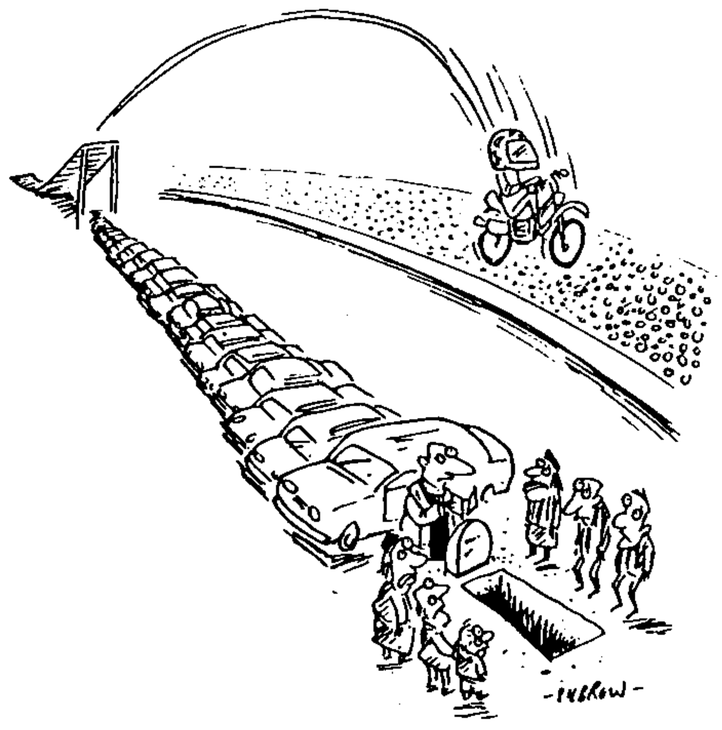
IN A document marked "STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL", the BBC's head of UK public affairs, Michael Hastings, invites his senior colleagues to a "private seminar" on 15 September to "explore the implications of Labour's constitutional, economic and political reforms".

Four experts will attend to give the assembled bigwigs the benefit of their inside knowledge. They are: Mary Wimbury, formerly employed by Labour's "rebuttal unit" at Millbank; Chris Bryant, chairman of the Christian Socialist Movement; Nicholas True, an ex-member of John Major's policy unit...

And, er, Derek Draper.

A BOOK-LINED study was chosen as the suitably statesmanlike setting for Tony Blair's BBC TV interview in which he gave his response to the Omagh bombing and applauded the Irish government's "crackdown on terror", a few days prior to announcing his own.

Most prominent of the volumes on the shelf behind Statesman Tone, no doubt completely coincidentally, was a copy of *Spycatcher*.



LUVVIES

"Actually, when I first met Eric [Cantona] I had no idea who he was. Fortunately, Richard Attenborough saved the day. He told me: 'Darling, haven't you seen him play soccer? He's a god'. So I watched Eric on video, and I thought, yes, he's got an amazing intuitive ability to know where the ball is and it's the kind of intuition you need as an actor."

CATE BLANCHETT
The Express

(Submitted by A. Ward)

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

"It's going to be one of those days!"

THE Countryside Alliance had high hopes for a new single called "Guardians of the Land" by George Bowyer.

It got a big plug on a Talk Radio when a debate on the countryside was interspersed with extracts from the song. Listeners were told that if only a quarter of the people who were at the march bought the record it would be a massive number one hit!

Alas, support must be dwindling for the revolution of the Barbourians. "Guardians" made a brief appearance at number 33 in the Top 40 before dropping out of sight the following week.

THAT'S SHOWBIZ!

MUCH relief for fans of hypnotist Paul McKenna, who was cleared last month at the High Court of causing a man who took part in his live stage show to turn into an "aggressive schizophrenic".

After volunteering to be hypnotised by McKenna, Christopher Gates had told the court, he heard voices in his head, became scared to go to the lavatory and believed he was receiving subliminal messages from the Rover's Return. But the most bizarre behaviour of all, the court heard, was that he "laughed uncontrollably" at a Freddie Starr show. No wonder his family were concerned.

Diana balls

"Underlying profits [at the Hambro Countrywide Group] were steady at £21.4m, against £20.8m, as life assurance, financial services and surveying contributions offset an £880,000 estate agency loss. 'After Diana died, everybody stopped buying houses for two months,' said Mr Hill, explaining why the group had entered 1998 with less business under way than in 1997."

— *Financial Times*, 26 August.

"A hideous memorial to Princess Diana was bulldozed after public protests. The £10,000 sculpture — a pile of concrete topped with a rusty wheel spouting water — was supposed to show Di's personality and strength. The design was even approved by Buckingham Palace. But locals slammed the use of their council tax on such a 'disgusting eyesore'."

— *Sun*, 19 August.

"I was at home at Tower Bridge when my mum called me at 4am to tell me. I was gutted. Even though I could have sold out in minutes, I couldn't sell flowers for the first couple of days. But after that it was business."

— Philip Whitlock, florist, *Daily Telegraph* magazine.

DOING THE ROUNDS

The Kasai Operation

BACK in 1992 (*Eye* 793) MD was first to expose the scandal of paediatric heart surgery at the Bristol Royal Infirmary, where babies died because the surgeons were unable to accept their limitations and no one acted to stop them.

In *Eye* 937, MD exposed the scandal of paediatric cleft palate surgery, where there are huge variations in results and those who are unfortunate enough to get a dabbling surgeon first time round end up having major and often multiple reconstructive surgery.

In the last issue (957), MD exposed a further scandal in paediatric surgery, this time relating to the Kasai operation. This is a complex procedure used to correct biliary atresia, a congenital malformation that prevents bile drainage. Two factors determine its success: a) the speed with which the diagnosis is made; and b) the skill of the surgeon. At best, the children remain jaundice-free for many years and may never need a liver transplant. At worst, the operation fails and the baby needs a transplant to survive in the next year or two. So the stakes are high.

Back in 1985*, the *British Medical Journal* published a survey of the results of this treatment conducted between 1980 and 1982 on behalf of the British Paediatric Association gastroenterology group and the British Association of Paediatric Surgeons. Of 114 children identified with biliary atresia, 95 had the Kasai operation. They were treated at 16 different centres by at least 16 different surgeons, and success was measured according to whether the children were free of jaundice from 10 months to 3.5 years. Good results were clearly related to the number of cases operated on in each centre. Only 11 per cent of children treated in centres dealing with one case a year were free of jaundice compared with 29 per cent at centres treating two to five cases a year and 45 per cent at King's College Hospital, London — the only centre to treat more than five cases a year.

The paper deduced that this alarming variability in results was "probably" down to "the experience of the surgeon and the standard of perioperative care". It concluded that the outlook for these children would be improved if "treatment was concentrated in a few centres, in each of which the vast majority of operations are done by one surgeon". Thirteen years later, you would imagine it would all be sorted out. Dream on. The British Paediatric Surveillance Unit two-year survey for 1993-1995 found that 15 centres were still doing the Kasai operation and although the overall success rates have improved, the same depressing variability exists.

The average success rates for the two units doing more than five operations a year (Kings and Birmingham Children's) is 62 per cent, those doing two to five is 50 per cent and those doing one a year is 17 per cent. Based on this information, MD recommended in the last *Eye* that any parents considering this operation for their baby should insist on being referred to Kings or Birmingham. This provoked a prompt response from Mark Stringer, a consultant paediatric surgeon at Leeds General Infirmary, who called it "very misleading and a potential source of considerable upset and confusion for the families of these poor children".

Mr Stringer's point is that although Leeds is classified in the intermediate (50 per cent average) group, his own personal figures are comparable to the best. I am therefore delighted to add Mr Stringer's name to my recommended list, but make no apology for warning parents away from the units that do one operation a year. As no one will give me the names of these bad units, I can only recommend the ones I know to be good. As Mr Stringer puts it: "We need to prevent surgeons carrying out this operation on rare occasions and the British Association of Paediatric Surgeons (BAPS) have been taking steps to achieve this." It is now 13 years since their last survey proposed to do exactly that.

If the Bristol inquiry has any balls at all, it must recommend full publication of all comparable audit figures as soon as they are available. The profession alone is completely unable to sort out the problems of poor performance.

Bristol was certainly not a one-off. Similar situations are being played out around the country. Surgeons are continuing to do operations they aren't competent to do because they think it's a God-given right to have a bit of variety. Risk management studies in industry have shown that "unfamiliarity with the task" increases the risk of a procedure by a factor of 17, whereas monotony and boredom increase it by only 1.1**. If BAPS really cared for the livelihood of children with biliary atresia, it would long ago have ensured the operation be restricted to, say, three expert centres.

And what of the parents? The downfall of the surgeons in Bristol was not their poor performance *per se*, but that they had quoted parents national survival rates for operations when their own figures were far worse. Are parents of children with biliary atresia treated at the "one a year" centres being told the local success rate is 17 per cent, compared with 62 per cent elsewhere? I suspect not.

MD

"I'd prefer it, nurse, if you didn't use the endoscope to see what was in your sandwiches"

*J McClement, E Howard, A Mowat, "Results of surgical treatment for extrahepatic biliary atresia in United Kingdom 1980-2", *British Medical Journal*, 2 February 1985, 290, 345-347.

** *Clinical Risk Management*, Ed. Charles Vincent, BMJ Books, 1995.

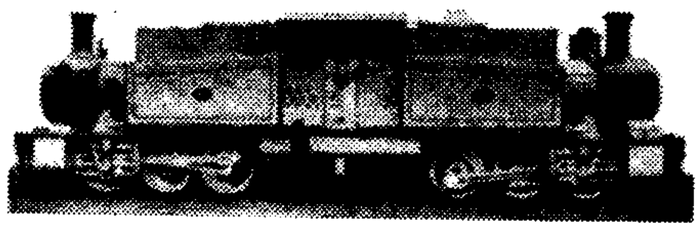
EASY MISTAKE

45,000 in 3 months

is the amount by which the government thinks NHS waiting lists have fallen

30,000 in 4 months

is the amount by which the accepted statistical method shows NHS waiting lists to have fallen



SIGNAL FAILURES

Focus on Opraf

THROUGHOUT the recent furore over growing delays and cancellations, the sanctimonious tone of franchising director John O'Brien implied the blame rested solely with the rail businesses.

But his office of passenger rail franchising (Opraf — or should that be Oprat?) has played such an important part in the current mess that there must surely be a presumption against any senior Opraf figures being re-employed in the strategic rail authority, which will take over Opraf's functions.

Opraf's task during privatisation was to select the franchise bidders who offered the best value for money. Opraf assumed 'best value' equated to 'lowest subsidy' but the current problems, many of them arising from cash shortages, show how wrong that assumption was. Opraf's army of experts seemed unable, or unwilling, to distinguish between realistic franchise bids and ones that would lead straight into drastic cost-cutting, instability and declining performance. Opraf's attitude was, and still is, that any private company stupid enough to offer to run a franchise for extremely low subsidy deserved all it would get — an attitude that ignored the disruption passengers would inevitably suffer.

It was clear even before bids were invited that Opraf couldn't give a flying scotsman about passengers. It refused to consult with *bona fide* passengers' associations over future service levels. One such group, at Southend, was astonished that Opraf refused to honour a ministerial promise about consultation with passengers — even after Opraf officials were shown the promise in Hansard.

Opraf was also keen to ignore the advice and wishes of passenger transport executives (PTEs), the locally-accountable bodies which run public transport in the major provincial conurbations. At least one PTE made abundantly clear it did not want its rail system handed to a specific bidder on Opraf's shortlist — the very bidder that Opraf then dumped on that system with dismal results.

O'Brien now deflects criticism of performance onto the train operators and Railtrack, yet Opraf has known all along that problems were likely. All serious bids for franchises were closely scrutinised, giving Opraf a clear idea of the job cuts and other measures implicit in each business plan.

O'Brien also argues that his remit does not allow him to threaten to revoke the licences of the worst-performing franchises unless they get even worse than they are now. The impression he creates is that Opraf was never given the teeth to frighten the train companies into submission, but Opraf blunted its own teeth by failing to write tough sanctions into the original franchise contracts. The only sanction Opraf included — fines for poor performance — is clearly not enough to force operators to mend their ways and may be counter-productive in areas where the basic problem is lack of cash in the first place.

An illustration of the flaws in Opraf's methodology is provided by North Western Trains, which has admitted its subsidy is falling off too sharply. Panic measures — including mass redundancies, a ban on overtime by station staff and sudden cancellation of a train-hire contract — are being instituted while services deteriorate. This is happening in the *second year of a seven year franchise*. The next five years will see further subsidy cuts and probably a recession (which would hit income from tickets). Rather than revoke the licence, Opraf is happy to watch NWT stew in its own juice — while NWT's hapless passengers sink into the quagmire prepared for them by Opraf.

TO BE FAIR, some train companies *are* hiring extra staff. Sadly these new jobs don't include more drivers, conductors or cleaners. Instead the rail companies are poaching staff from, er, Opraf.

South West trains appointed AC Pitt commercial director last year — formerly assistant director of Opraf. Meanwhile Ms A Ingram got a job as planning director (operations) for the Virgin Rail Group last Christmas to replace her job as assistant director of Opraf.

No cause for concern though, as obviously the rail companies wouldn't use these new staff members to get inside knowledge on the regulator. And Opraf staff watching their ex-colleagues increase their pay packets won't start to eye the rail companies as future employers. 'Course not.

'Dr B. Ching'

Rotten Boroughs

Glasgow

TENANTS on four Glasgow estates, resisting council attempts to take them to court for having the audacity to fit security gates to protect them from vandals and drug dealers, have hired local solicitors Turnbull McCarron to help their case. This should make for interesting discussion when Mr McCarron's family meets up. McCarron's father, Jim, is chairman of the city's housing committee which has taken the decision to prosecute.

Lewisham

HOUSING benefit fraudsters in Lewisham normally have their wrongdoings investigated by the internal control unit of the housing *department*. Odd then that the chair of housing, Cllr David Brown, who claimed over £1,000 more HB than he was entitled to, is not to be subject to the normal investigation process.

In July last year Brown stopped receiving jobseekers' allowance and therefore lost his entitlement to HB. Despite receiving reminders that he must tell the council of any change in his circumstances, he continued to receive housing benefit until January this year, by which time he was better off to the tune of £1,150.

In March his oversight came to light and a hasty arrangement was cobbled together to let him repay the money. However, when the internal control unit went to seize Brown's housing file they were told that they couldn't have it. The decision to stop Brown's case being investigated in the normal manner was supported by housing director Trevor Crook — who reports to Brown. The case has now been passed to finance director Keith Luck — who has yet to ask for Brown's file.

Leeds Disunited

ANOTHER worrying conflict of interest has emerged between Leeds city council and Leeds United FC. The council has a £2.5m stake in Leeds Sporting, the company which bought United for £16.5m in 1996, and at the same time bought the club's Elland Road stadium off the council.

Now Leeds Sporting has applied for planning permission to build a £50m entertainments arena next to Elland Road. The council can hardly consider the application fairly, given its twin interests in planning and the prosperity of the club, yet councillors are determined to rule on the issue. Residents who visit the council's planning department to object to the new arena complain they are not taken seriously.

The council, as part of a deal agreed when Leeds Sporting bought the ground, stands to receive £1.9m if Leeds Sporting gain planning approval for the arena. Phil Smith, the council's chief executive, has said fears about the planning process being compromised are "completely unfounded... the development interests of the council and the planning process are completely separate". So much is obvious.

Murkeyside

MORE soccer antics in the Murkeyside borough of Knowsley, where the council gave permission to Liverpool FC to build its new soccer academy on Simonswood Playing Fields.

Two years ago the site was valued by the planning department at £1m. The club bought all 53 acres, although they only needed 35. Planning permission was quickly given and a 128 signature petition from local residents was given only cursory attention because it had been headed objection to the "proposed sale of land" and therefore, the council surmised, had nothing to do with planning matters.

Once it had bought the site the football club commissioned Knowsley planning department's design office to plan the academy. Next Liverpool FC sold on the unwanted part of the land to David Lloyd Leisure UK for a reported £4m. So a tidy profit for the football club, plenty of kudos for Knowsley planning department (their staff magazine crows about being "lead consultants" to the soccer scheme) but absolutely nothing for the taxpayers of Knowsley who could have been £4m richer.

Brum, brum

THE Crown Prosecution Service has recently received a report from the West Midlands Police after a detailed enquiry into events leading up to the death of a woman motorist on the A38 Aston Expressway, the main road into the city centre, two years ago. The police investigation is a cause of some concern within Birmingham City Council's department of transportation.

A team of 14 detectives have been interrogating civil engineers (both senior and junior) in an attempt to find out why the expressway's drainage gratings have been failing and resulting in a number of serious accidents — the most recent of which was fatal.

Police questions have centred around allegations that the council failed to make any attempt to properly investigate and remedy the cause of these failures.

Using two nationally known engineering consultants as technical advisers, Knacker has completed a hefty report for the CPS which raises some unpleasant possibilities for the council and its engineers. If the CPS decides there is evidence of criminal negligence this could produce the first case in which a local authority has had to face criminal charges of corporate manslaughter. Up to four senior engineers could face similar individual charges.

Bradford

IT IS NOT every day that council officers from Bradford receive a major accolade from the government but Stephen Jenkinson, senior rights of way officer for the council, has just been appointed by environment minister Michael Meacher to the board of the North York Moors national park authority.

Can this be the same Stephen Jenkinson who has brought Bradford council's right of way network to its knees over the last four years? Jenkinson's department is currently being investigated by the district auditor in a row over funding and map work, while the ombudsman is asking why Bradford's right of way department has done no statutory work since 1994. Around half the authority's bridleways are so obstructed or damaged they are unusable.

Jenkinson's appointment, however, has gone down well with the Institute of Public Rights of Way Officers, whose press release waxes lyrical over his youthfulness, experience, qualifications and the fact that he beat some 800 candidates to the post. The press officer for the Institute — one Stephen Jenkinson!

Pseuds Corner

In a tiny cylindrical room I watched a projection of a surgical camera disappearing into every orifice of the artist. True, few people could stay in the room as long as me, but I found that the voyage up Mona Hatoum's arse put me in powerful and direct contact with my feelings about my own mortality. I can't ask for much more.

SARAH KANE
Guardian

By day five you are wearing anything you can find around the house or borrow from your friends — found clothes are so much better than the ones in your bag which suddenly seem too strict, too restrained. These are clothes that would wince at rain, run from mud. You buy a pair of old man's trousers from the Oxfam shop in the

nearest town, many sizes too big, with someone's sparkly belt to hold them up. You find a lovely old cashmere jumper with holes in the elbows and a furry coat that is far too big for you. You thread the wild flowers and twigs you picked on a walk up the hill through your plaits (did I mention the plaits?), hope the scratch on your face caused by clearing brambles and blackthorn doesn't heal too quickly, and love the sloe and blackberry stains on your fingers. By the end of the week you are toying with the idea of changing your name to that of your favourite wild flower — Marigold, Periwinkle, Angelica or Honeysuckle. You feel like the fantastical heroine in the book of Irish poetry you were reading on a hilltop last night. Who will you be today? The flower fairy who trips through the bluebell woods, clad in a slip of a white dress and a wild-flower necklace? Or a modern-day Tess of the D'Urbervilles tending the horses in knee-length cashmere socks, riding boots, embroidered dress and a holey cardigan that feels like your best friend but which you only met a couple of hours ago?

LUELLA BARTLEY
Sunday Telegraph Magazine

The National Gallery's exhibition, Venice Through Canaletto's Eyes, is small but as visually and intellectually intense and exquisite as a young man's orgasm is physical, rousing him to demand more.

BRIAN SEWELL
Evening Standard

Life for many has the unalloyed verve of an undressed lettuce. The camera of their minds does not dwell on the smash-and-grab of a Tay 18-pounder or the hot whiskies in Kelly's Bar after the woodcocking. Their noses do not twitch for the sniff of an applewood fire on Exmoor or a wet moor in August. May it long continue. In an island crammed tighter with people than tadpoles in a schoolboy's jar, it is essential that we live and let live.

Field Magazine subscription offer

Occasionally this kind of sex works. If both partners rigorously attempt to out-perform each other, one at least might walk away thinking they've had a meaningful experience. Though frankly the closest I've come to a meaningful experience in the course of a one-night stand is half-inching a copy of T.S. Eliot's Collected Poems from a girl called Mona who I'd spent the previous night having utterly terrible sex with.

JON WILDE
Elle

Communicating a brand's core equity and being able to leverage a media brand's value as part of a more holistic and integrated sell is something I know advertisers are simply crying out for.

NIKKI MENDONCA
Media Week

CONTRIBUTORS: P. Jackson, A. Philp, Tony Webb, John Barber, A. MacPherson, Anon.

£10 paid for entries

SHOBER AS A JUDGSH

SHOULD criminals be allowed to dispense justice? Or, to put it another way, should judges who are convicted of drink-driving continue to sit on the bench?

"I would regard a conviction for an offence of driving while under the influence of alcohol or drugs as so grave as to amount *prima facie* to misbehaviour," Lord Mackay, the then Lord Chancellor, wrote to all judges in 1994. But his successor Lord Irvine (who, unlike Mackay, is by no means a teetotaller) has now decided that Judge Marilyn Mornington of Liverpool should continue to hear cases while serving a 15-month driving ban. He has accepted her offer to take no pay and stay away from court for a mere three months.

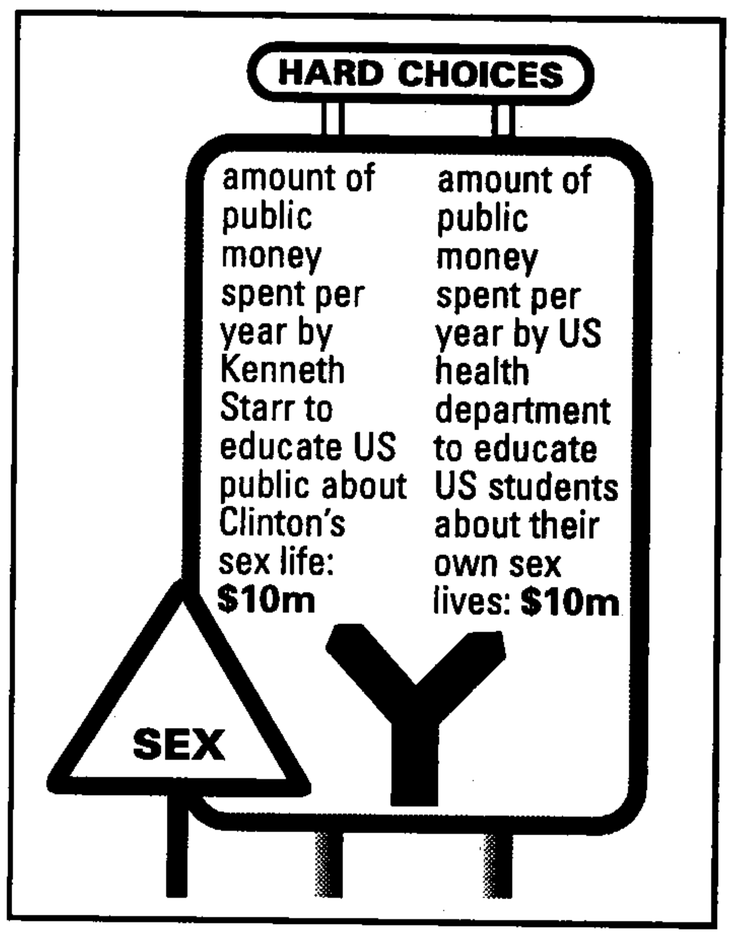
Very few details of this criminal moment in the meteoric career of Judge Mornington, 43, are available since no reporters were present in court at Southport in July when she was fined £1500 and given a 15-month ban for driving her Honda jeep with an alcohol level of almost twice the statutory limit. "We prosecuted her as a barrister," the Crown Prosecution Service explains. "We didn't know she was a judge."

There was thus no publicity for the trial — or for the curious deal with the Lord Chancellor. All Lord Irvine's spokesman will say is that "there were mitigating circumstances in the case". Such as? "They cannot be made public."

The unknown facts of this hush-hush affair clearly differ from the well-publicised facts in the case of another woman judge who appeared on a drink-driving charge 17 miles away in Preston, only a couple of weeks after Mornington's conviction. A cruel picture in the *Daily Mail* and *Daily Telegraph* showed that Judge Linda Lazonby, 45, was not tall, blonde and rich, like Judge Mornington, and had resigned immediately and permanently when arrested at home for drink-driving on a two-day binge after her husband had fallen seriously ill in hospital.

Lazonby's career is over. But the irrepressible Mornington, thrice married and thrice divorced, will preside again at the Queen Elizabeth II law courts in October. Her address was given in court as Merrilocks Avenue, Blundellsands, a seven-bedroom house which was formerly the home of her third husband, Liverpool property developer Hugh Frost. She acquired an equally large house after her second divorce, from schoolteacher Lindsay Rogers, but sold it in 1990 when she married Frost.

Hugh Frost says he had "absolutely no idea" that his ex-wife would be allowed to carry on judging in spite of her criminal conviction. "This is a disgusting outcome. She usually gets what she wants. By a court order I am not permitted to discuss our marriage or our divorce. But you can imagine how I feel when I tell you that only this March she was threatening to have me committed to prison for asking for a little extra time to pay her an instalment of £240,000. Nothing seems to stop her amazing career."


HARD CHOICES
amount of public money spent per year by Kenneth Starr to educate US public about Clinton's sex life: $10m
amount of public money spent per year by US health department to educate US students about their own sex lives: $10m
SEX

WORLD OF BANKERS

SINCE the Alliance and Leicester converted from building society to bank it has announced large profits, even larger pay rises for its directors and a fall in its share in the mortgage market (see Footnotes, *Eye* 952).

A copy of the *Eye* article was distributed by the clerical workers union among Alliance and Leicester workers at the bank's Bootle, Merseyside, branch. The CWU included a request for a seven per cent pay rise "in light of the recent announcement on profits (interim pre tax profit up 29 per cent)".

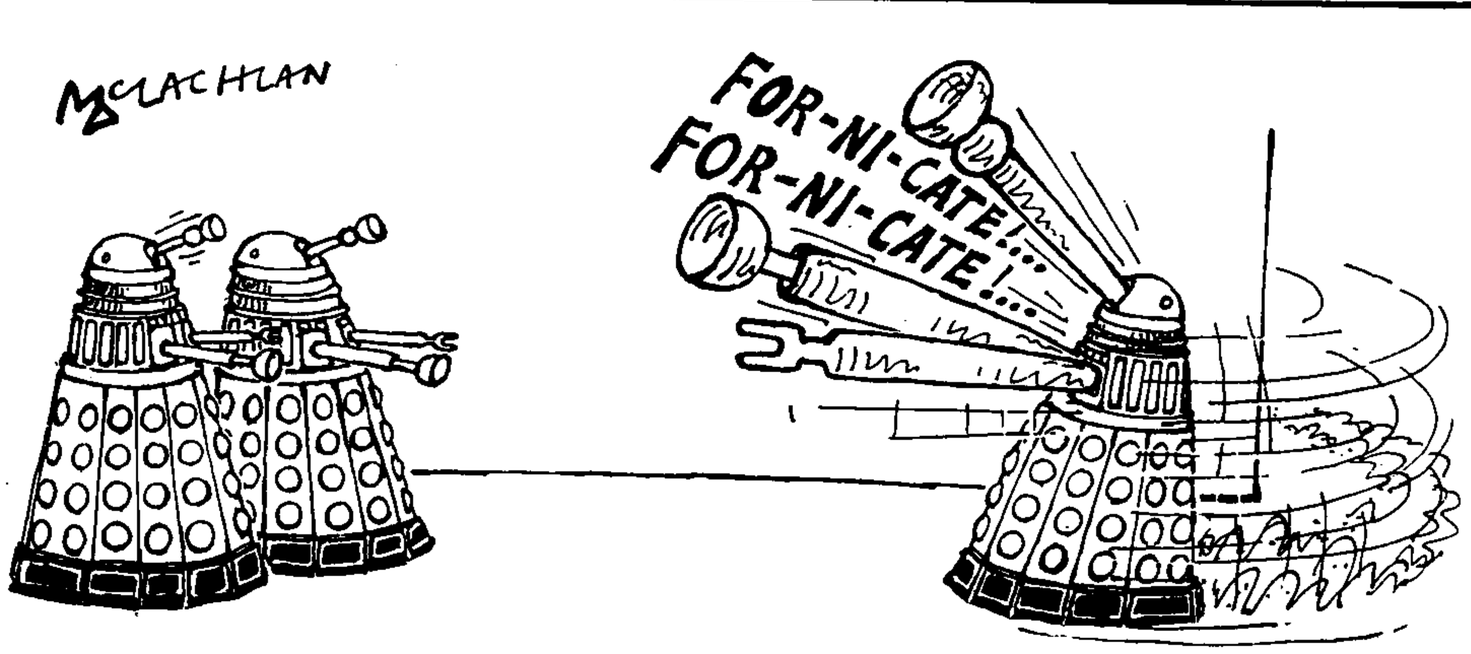
The management was apoplectic. "I am disappointed that the branch committee's approach is to make personal attacks on group board members," wrote Richard Banks [*sic*], director of the Bootle office. "Issuing provocative circulars of this nature does not improve anyone's job security and they have done this at a time when the final business case for the future of the Bootle site has not been authorised."

Over the past few years the Bootle workers have been warned that their offices may be knocked down and redeveloped or moved to Leicester, with the loss of thousands of jobs. The inference from the management is clear — keep quiet or the Alliance and Leicester will relocate.

MODESTY UPDATE

"Further to the announcement of my elevation to the peerage, I am pleased to record that I have now been created Baron Norton of Louth, of Louth in the County of Lincolnshire. Mr [*sic*] nomenclature as from 1 August 1998 is thus PROFESSOR THE LORD NORTON OF LOUTH. You may wish to amend your records accordingly."

— note from Professor Philip Norton, department of politics, University of Hull, to his associates.



"Oh no! He's been at the Viagra again!"

Letters

Plain Jane's

Sir,

HP Sauce's courageous exposé (EYE *956) of an alleged "link" between GJW Government Relations and Sandline International daringly, albeit if unattributable, lifted its story from a dog-eared* JANE'S DEFENCE WEEKLY *piece, dated November 1996.*

That might be why it got the name of the UK's Ambassador to Geneva wrong. Nigel Williams retired more than a year ago. Mere forgetfulness, I trust, explains why it also failed to mention my categorical on-the-record denial in the same article of any corporate link between GJW and Sandline or Executive Outcomes.

Obviously, to have included the denial would have rather spoiled the story.

Yours,
ANDREW GIFFORD,

Chief Executive, GJW Government Relations.

● *Not dog-eared* JANE'S DEFENCE WEEKLY, *rather the Report of the UN's Special Rapporteur on the question of the use of mercenaries.*

● *No "corporate" link was mentioned. A previous* EYE *did reveal that Mr Gifford sits on the board of Heritage Oil & Gas, alongside Tony Buckingham of Sandline International.*

Silk Road to Damascus

Sir,

Re: School Report (EYE *955) and "Paul's Letter* (EYE *956). It is manifestly absurd to suggest that barrister Nicholas Paul's rapid conversion to the cause of PFI for Pimlico school followed a summons to Jack Straw's Home Office, and he is right to deny it. It followed lunch at the Commons: and besides, it's not as if he's been made a QC or anything.*

Yours sincerely,
GARETH GWYNNE,

London SW1.

Jeremy thought

Sir,

Re: "Why are they weighting" (EYE *957), the terms and conditions for* **all** *civil servants, obliged to go where sent, allow for the £1750 per annum (before tax) allowed as an extra to salary for additional costs of London to be held after leaving London until ordinary pay rises catch up to that figure and subsume it. But I am sure you knew that anyway — it just got in the way of a "bash civil servants" story.*

Best wishes,
JEREMY RETFORD,

Crudwell, Wilts.

The pain in Bahrain

Sir,

Just read over the latest EYE *957 and find yet another reference to Bahrain, specifically the torture chambers in Nabih Salah (World of Hype). I am a resident in Bahrain and have an interest in the political happenings on the island, yet don't fully understand your fixation with Nabih Salah.*

As I understand it, Nabih Salah is more a remand centre, our unfortunate friends are sent from there to somewhere seriously bad — Central Prison, the detention centre in Hid or most famously CID HQ in Adliya — located just opposite my apartment (sit out at night on my balcony with a beer and drink in the sound of muffled screams — great place).

Regards,
HORACE,

Via e-mail.

Footie in mouth

Sir,

The "unremarkable bureaucrats" mentioned in Paul Foot's article on ROSCOs are clearly even more unremarkable than I thought — because you got their names wrong. The right names are Sandy Anderson (Porterbrook) and Andrew Jukes (Eversholt Leasing).

Regards,
JOHN SIMPSON,

Via e-mail.

Havering at Bower

Sir,

It is nice of you to take such an interest in my career. For the record just a few minor points that you should note. I was not escorted from the PUNCH *offices by security guards or anyone else. I have never discussed Fayed with Tom Bower. If my phone at* PUNCH *was bugged (as you allege) it certainly did not record any conversation between myself and Bower discussing Fayed because none took place. I have met Bower only once, ironically in the* PUNCH *offices.*

It is true that I live in Chettle some of the time. It is not true that Teddy Bourke is my landlord. It is not true that his sister runs the village shop. It is not true that the proposed development by the Rushmore Estate would ruin my view. It is not true that I pay a peppercorn rent.

Whenever I have written or broadcast about Chettle the respective editors have always been aware of my involvement and interest. Indeed both editors in question have savoured the delights of the place. As, indeed, has one of your regular contributors.

Yours sincerely,
DOMINIC PRINCE,

London SW11.

Wagers of sin

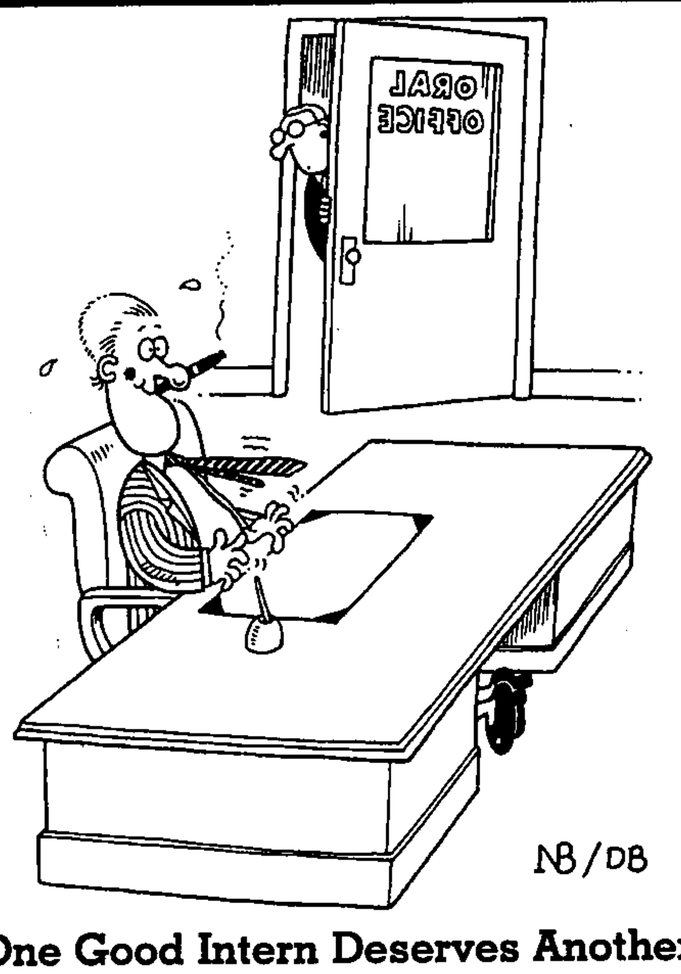
Sir,

*Your cartoonist Turner (*EYE *957) should be aware that those strict Protestant sects who condemn gambling do not have confessionals whilst we Catholics, who do, gamble merrily with a clear conscience — as do our priests.*

Yours,
DAVID FOSTER,

Ludlow, Shropshire.

NEW OLD SAYINGS



One Good Intern Deserves Another

They don't like it up 'em

Sir,

Please allow me to be the first to offer my wholehearted applause to the Americans at their bombing of dastardly chemical weapon sites in Sudan. I am sure that when Britain finds an Irish-American club in Chicago that has been raising money for the Real IRA, they will lend us one of their cruise missiles to administer the appropriate punishment. What terrorists need is a short, sharp shock and they won't do it again! And well done that man Tony Blair!

Obligingly,
RICHARD ARNOLD,

Hockley, Essex.

Odd couplings

Sir,

Could you train the would-be adulterers using "Eye Love" (Eye Fuck would surely be more accurate) to recognise the difference between "discrete", meaning separate and distinct, and discreet, meaning careful to avoid embarrassment, unless they are really planning to set up a separate establishment.

FRANK BRANSTON,

Bedford.

Lookalike

Boris

Troll

Sir,

Coming across this troll amongst the toys in my five-year-old daughter's bedroom, I was struck by the resemblance to that staunch supporter of cash-aid from the United States of America, Boris Yeltsin.

And learning to play the saxophone too, just like Bill (or is that a cleverly disguised vodka bottle?)!

Yours, etc,
ROSS TURNER,

Helsinki.

Radiohead

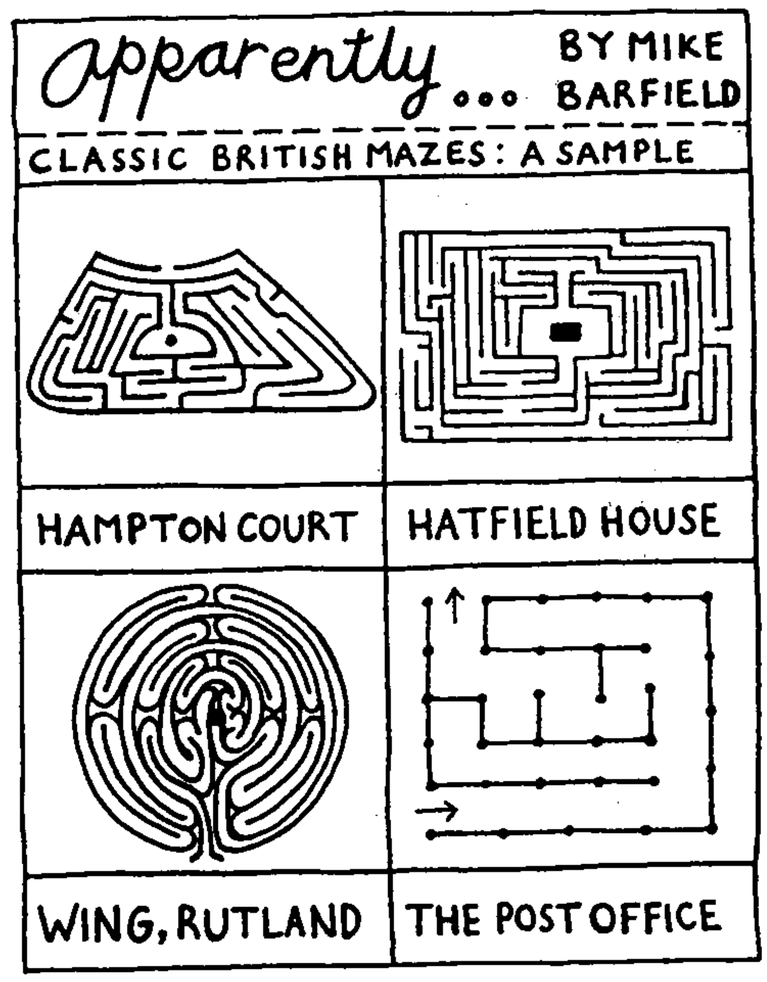
Sir,

I do think your correspondent on matters Beeb has got his knickers in a twist over digital broadcasting. His claim that no one will buy digital radios as they cost £500-plus is nonsense. 12 years ago a Phase lock loop radio, PLL for short, cost the thick end of £300 and was as big as a hardback textbook and needed five batteries to power it. The only demand for them at the time was from people in comms or living in difficult reception areas in the middle east, etc. Today I use a PLL radio which fits in a shirt pocket, cost £39 and has two tiny batteries to run it.

Immediately the big companies see even a hint of a demand for digital radio they will be there manufacturing them to sell at around $40 or even less. Electronically they would possibly be made from reject computer chips.

Yours sincerely,
DAVID H. WALTON,

Peterborough.



I belong tae Turnpike Lane

Sir,

"Glasgie"? Wherr's that'? Dae ye mean Glesca? (Re: Literary Review, EYE *957.)*

DANNY McCULLOCH,

London N22.

Sir,

Re: Literary Review, "North of the boredom", EYE *957. Bookworm — read a book! As I read through your thoughts on Irvine Welsh et al, I couldn't understand the feeling of unease that was creeping up on me, as I too detest Irvine's vilification of the word "fuck" and his easy money from being a literary yob. I understood it when I got to the end of your article — "all we should get ... is truckloads of Gaelic rambling".*

While Irvine Welsh writes in a corruption (or "lovely mixture") of guid Lallans/Doric/Scots and Southern English, it is in no way related to that previous language of Scotland, Gaelic (still spoken in the West).

Try reading "Tongue in yer heid" instead of Flamingo Press's less literary efforts for some contemporary Scottish fiction, and after that write an article that doesn't owe such much to your distaste and ignorance of other languages, then perhaps you'll have written something more appropriate for the generally truthful pages of PRIVATE EYE.

SEAN HUNDTOFTE,

Trumpington, Cambridge.

Not his job

Sir,

Is there ANY book which Bookworm actually likes or rates highly?

Regards,
GERAINT PRESTON,

Via e-mail.

False beardie

Sir,

Keith Flett is much mistaken (Hair, hair, EYE *957). David Shayler's beard is absolutely genuine, it is David Shayler that is false! His organisation should outlaw the wearing of false people.*

Yours faithfully,
D.J. CREWE,

Lichfield, Staffs.

I-SPY *Keston, Kent*

Submitted by Norman Harper. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Eamonn the case

Sir,

Messrs Mulholland and Salmon (Letters, EYE *957) have entirely missed the point I was making (Letter,* EYE *956), regarding the use of meat and bonemeal in animal feeds, which was that the feed ban in the UK is denying a* **cheap raw material** *to* **unscrupulous feed compounders** *from which they extract lucrative profits. It should also be remembered that before and during the BSE epidemic, feed compounders were reluctant to divulge the ingredients of their products to farmers on the grounds that it was "commercially sensitive". This has been confirmed to me on several occasions by many farmers during my survey work across the EU.*

It is not surprising that I was unable to find literature to support the use of meat and bonemeal, the EU Commission library and database does not go as far back as 1892! Merely quoting questionable outdated references, found only in antiquarian bookshops is not sufficient evidence to justify the use of meat and bonemeal in animal feed! Nor does it support the **current view** *that it is a safe and a good source of protein. Mulholland and Salmon are obviously unaware of* **recent advances** *in BSE research.*

Finally, I should also point out to Messrs Mulholland and Salmon, that I am currently completing drafting an EC directive which will effectively ban the use of meat and bonemeal in **all** *animal feeds in the EU and will be implemented by January 1999.*

Yours faithfully,
DR EAMONN O'DWYER,

Dublin.

It was already known that, during the sad and bitter years of marital discord, William had been Diana's solace and also her confidante. What a burden. He'd knew all about Squidgy and Camillagate.

Whether he watched or not, he knew that both daddy and dummy had admitted adultery on television.

Yorkshire Post

Dudzilla

Sir,

In anticipation of a resurgence of the "Hi Honey, I'm home!" syndrome, I would like to offer the following:

"Run for your lives — it's Codzilla!" (Giant mutant fish runs amok)

"Run for your lives — it's Dodzilla!" (Giant mutant gappy-toothed Liverpudlian tax avoider runs amok)

"Run for your lives — it's Hoddzilla!" (Giant mutant England Football Coach runs amok)

"Run for your lives — it's Modzilla!" (Giant mutant teenage scooter driver wearing parka runs amok)

"Run for your lives — it's Rodzilla!" (Giant mutant ageing Scottish crooner runs amok)

"Run for your lives — it's Godzimmer!" (Giant aged reptile runs amok supported by walking frame)

"Run for your lives — it's Godschiller!" (Giant mutant German poet runs amok)

If there is any pecuniary advantage to be gained from my holding the copyright to the above, I would be pleased to receive your cheque or used fivers.

PHIL REES,

York.

PS. I have omitted "Gazzilla" on the grounds that there's nothing remotely out of the ordinary in a giant mutant Geordie buffoon running amok!

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"Senior Republicans certainly expected the President to come clean over Miss Lewinsky."
BRIDGET KENDALL, Radio 4
(Norman Harper)

"Manchester United have hit the ground running — albeit with a 3-0 defeat."
BOB WILSON, ITV
(A. Kent)

"It's only since I've gone naked that I've got any coverage."
Performance Poet, Radio 4
(Ian Gillies)

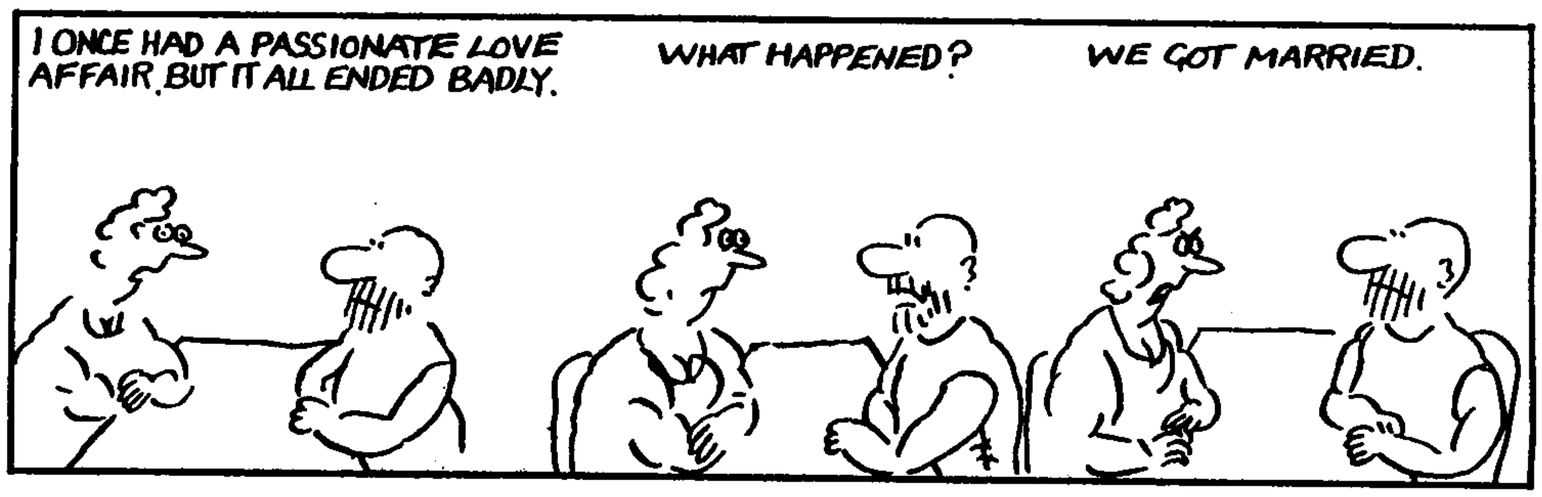
"He [Damon Hill] doesn't know — but if anyone knows, he would."
MURRAY WALKER, ITV
(Barry Freeman)

"Martin O'Neill, standing, hands on hips, stroking his chin..."
MIKE INGHAM, Radio 5 Live
(W. Swygart)

"DIANA: as the first anniversary of the Parish crash approaches, we look at the impact Princess Diana made in life and death."
PA News web site
(Daniel Raye)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN



"We've decided to stay together for the sake of the marriage guidance counsellor!"

Letter from the **Democratic Republic of Congo**

from Our Own Correspondent

WHEN our round-faced smiling leader returned to the capital, Kinshasa, last week from his bolt-hole in the south, it was to assure us that the rebellion that has gripped our nation for a month was all but over. Blaming foreign aggressors for all the former Zaire's problems, President Laurent Kabila urged ordinary citizens to take up whatever weapons they had at their disposal — knives, machetes and hoes — to deal with what he called "the Tutsi invasion".

Within 24 hours, rebels were attacking the airport and battling for control of Kinshasa suburbs with the Zimbabwean troops who now prop up our government. Kabila has an uncanny knack for misreading the situation.

Since he had himself stormed the capital in May 1997 with the backing of the very Rwandans and Ugandans he now accuses of fomenting insurrection, the man who ousted Mobutu has proved an immense disappointment to everyone except the cronies and family members he placed in high office. Now his corruption and incompetence threaten not just the Undemocratic Republic of Congo, but also the whole region.

Rwanda, Uganda and Angola had originally helped Kabila into power because of the assistance his predecessor had given their opponents. Mobutu was a supporter of the Angolan rebel movement, Unita, and had continued to back the Hutu militias responsible for the genocide in Rwanda in 1994.

As president, Kabila swapped the "I love Marbella" baseball cap he used to wear to rally the faithful for a natty cowboy hat. And it was in a cowboy manner that he ran his government. He squandered the goodwill of the international community by failing to investigate allegations of massive human rights abuses. There were no moves towards democracy, foreign investors were scared away and living standards continued to slide.

It was his failure to secure the eastern border region that prompted Rwandan soldiers seconded to his ramshackle army to plot against him. "A toad cannot swallow an elephant", the information minister Didier Mumengi declared, somewhat prematurely, as rebels opened a second front in the west and captured a string of towns in the east.

The response from those in Europe and the US who had hailed our dear leader as the epitome of what President Clinton had hopefully called "the African renaissance" was publicly to sit on their hands and prepare to evacuate their nationals, while their shadier operatives were spotted in border towns of Rwanda and Congo. Into the vacuum stepped our regional brothers, who dress up crude national and personal jealousies under the banner of support either for a legitimate government against foreign invaders, or for a legitimate rebellion battling a venal dictatorship.

Zimbabwe, for example, backs Kabila, while South Africa does not. President Mugabe is still sore at Nelson Mandela's ANC for having lined up, back in the days of the liberation struggle, not behind Mugabe's Zanu, but Joshua Nkomo's Zapu.

Namibia shares Zimbabwe's concerns about South African hankerings for regional domination, while Angola fears that those in the Congo rebellion who might replace Kabila would be even less effective at dealing with Unita.

While the foreign armies carve up a crumbling Congo, brushing aside rebels or loyalists with apparent ease, few here believe the situation can get any better. And what is bad for the Congo, a country twice the size of western Europe, can only be bad for the rest of Africa.

FUNNY OLD WORLD

"This law is a clear violation of human rights," complained Hamad Ali Musa (leader of Tanzania's main opposition party, the Civic United Front) to Parliament. "Winking at women is a natural part of courtship. It is endorsed by tribal customs and by tradition. But now, women will be able to use this law as a means of sending their enemies to jail."

However, the severe penal measures contained in the Special Offences Provisions Bill were staunchly defended by Bakari Mwapachu, Tanzania's Minister for Justice and Constitutional Affairs. "The message is simple. Winking is sexual assault, and will lead to a five-year prison sentence if repeated three times. So don't wink at the girls. Don't even blink. Turn away from temptation and go about your business, and all will be well."

The new law was also attacked by Dr Deogratias Mwita MP, of the ruling Chama Cha Mapundzi party. "If this law had been passed a year ago, half the members of this house would be in jail. And Mr Mwapachu, you would have been the first to be imprisoned, for I have seen you winking at women many times."

The bill was passed by the Tanzanian Parliament, and came into force in July. *(New African, July/August 1998. Spotter: Robert Parkhill)*

—●—

"Swallows return to their nest, and salmon return to their stream, so it is only right and proper that my great-great-grandfather's leg should finally return to his tomb," Risa Okuma told reporters in Saga, Japan. "I saw it recently when I visited Waseda, and it was much more attractive and muscular than I had ever imagined."

Earlier, a spokesman from the Japanese Red Cross College of Nursing had recounted the curious history of the leg. "Shigenobu Okuma was the founder of Waseda University, and a leading statesman of the Meiji era. He was blown up during an assassination attempt outside the Foreign Ministry building in 1889, and although doctors saved his life, they had to amputate his right leg. Because he was such a great man, the leg was preserved in a jar of formaldehyde and put on display in the main entrance. Visitors used to flock to see it, but nowadays nobody can remember who Okuma was, so there is no point in keeping his leg on show. Furthermore, the flesh is starting to fall off the stump, and that is not a nice thing to show to guests. Before we give it back, we shall treat it with resin so it will harden and not rot any more. Then his family can do whatever they want with it. I understand that they intend to adorn it with fairy lights." *(The Japan Times, 6/8/98. Spotter: Graham Prince)*

—●—

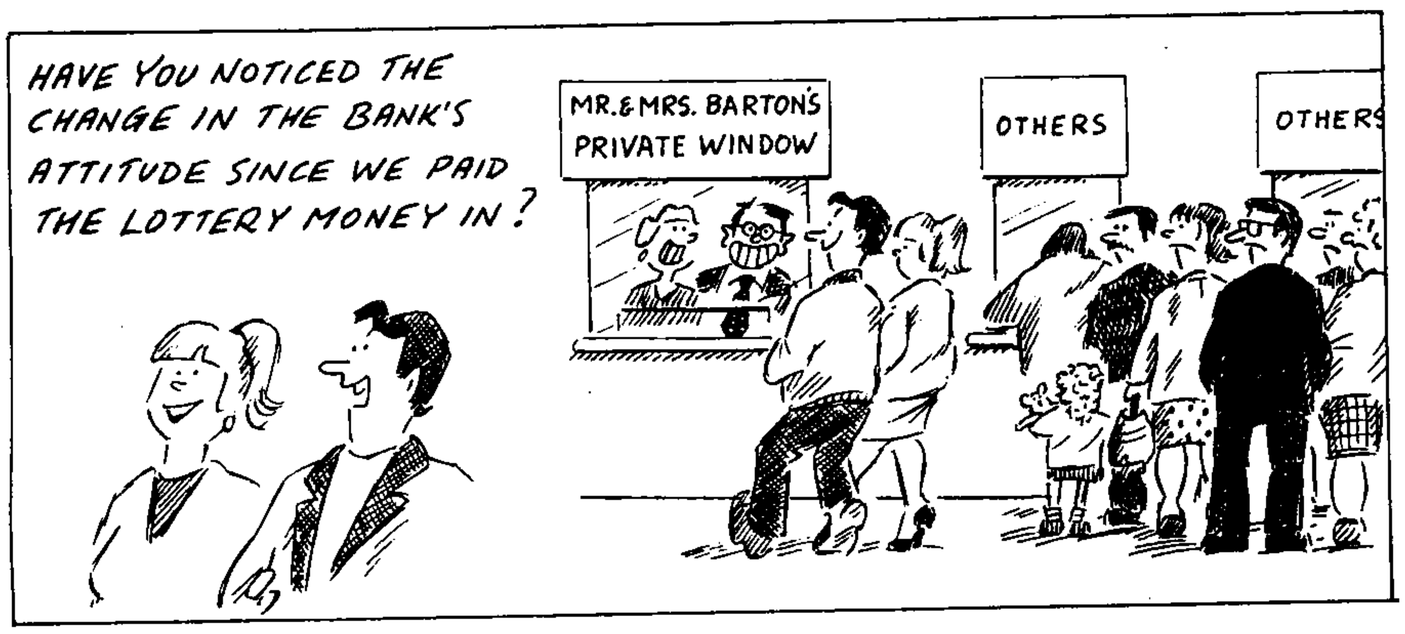
"In mitigation, it must be said that my client was exceptionally helpful to the authorities," defence solicitor Paddy Rogers told the District Court in Co. Meath. Rogers was defending Brian Cooney, forty-two, a fruit and vegetable salesman from Navan who pleaded guilty to charges of attempting to defraud the Guardian Insurance Company. "After attending last year's all-Ireland football semi-final between Kerry and Cavan, my client went to Finglas Garda police station and claimed that his Mercedes car had been stolen. He then filed an insurance claim for £9,000. But when the police discovered that he had hired a JCB the day before the alleged theft, they became suspicious and paid Mr Cooney a visit."

Detective Garda John Brosnan took up the story. "It seems that Mr Cooney and some friends had dug a large hole with the JCB, driven the car into it, and then used the digger to fill it in, though not very well. He admitted this as soon as we asked, but we'd soon have discovered the truth anyway, because there was a huge mound of freshly-dug earth in his back garden. Let's put it this way. It wasn't very bright, and it certainly won't qualify as the crime of the century." (The Irish Times, 23/7/98, Spotter: Niall Morrissey)

COMPILED BY **VICTOR LEWIS-SMITH**

The Lottery Winners

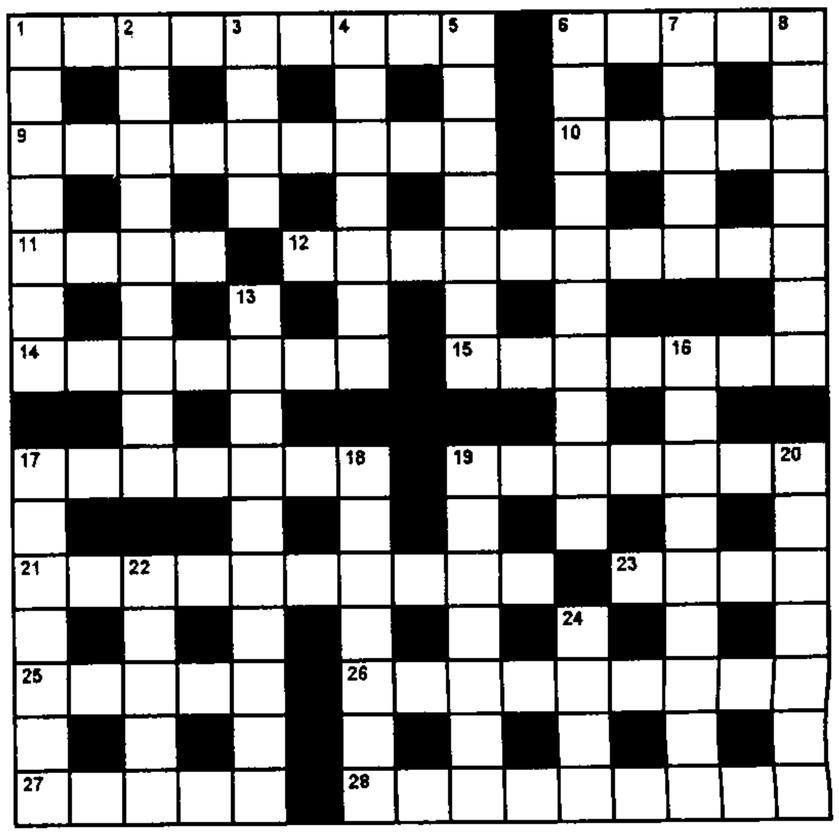
TURNER


HAVE YOU NOTICED THE CHANGE IN THE BANK'S ATTITUDE SINCE WE PAID THE LOTTERY MONEY IN?
MR.& MRS. BARTON'S PRIVATE WINDOW
OTHERS
OTHERS

EYE CROSSWORD 113

by Cyclops

£100 prize



ACROSS

1 Equipped with balls but worn out? (9)
6 Archer adopting a different name in Piccadilly (5)
9 Some organ on batsman – a real surprise (3-6)
10 Clever to ditch Blair's number one, true? (5)
11 (see 16)
12 The tragedy of complex bloke and dog? (7,3)
14 Male-gobbling prostitutes for which there's a ministry (3,4)
15 Have sex as good eggs will? (3,4)
17 Island, one getting rotten git to take gold back (7)
19 Showing one's behind engaging in idle behaviour (7)
21 Removed bloomers – and worse? (10)
23 Piece, we hear, of filth (4)
25 In short pants but getting tumescent (5)
26 To go in for sex is something that makes you really loose! (9)
27 Murdoch resents accommodating wishy-washy Brown (5)
28 The very latest news: piles of cash returned by the mob (4,5)

DOWN

1 Ken's broadcast on TV for parliament (7)
2 (see 22)
3 Supported while bestowing sexual favours (4)
4 Fit racehorses getting diarrhoea swallowing North East river (7)
5 Dear Minister (7)
6 Profiteering from court rip off taking place (10)
7 Used to alert the intern of break up on hospital drama? (5)
8 Clinically and systematically took the piss out of an alcoholic (7)
13 Stupid old Tory get, old-fashioned, unprogressive type (10)
16/11 Short time away from the centre of things needed for Monica Lewinsky, as far as Clinton's concerned? (1,3,2,3,4)
17 Total of one double D-cup (topless) on model plus ring (3,2,2)
18 Qualifications of vice-President and First Lady on gutless lies (1,6)
19 Great performer, but head from Monica rates poor zero (7)
20 Pop group seeing off Sting for a start (7)
22/2 Yet another fix taken constitutionally by Americans (5,9)
24 Useless number two (4)

£100 prize to first solution opened on 11.9.98. Entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

Solution to Crossword No. 112

Winner: JENNY ALEXANDER

ACROSS: 1 Lotus 4 Scoundrel 9/3 The Marching Season 10 Gag 11 Glucose 12 Matelot 13 Togs 14 Warsaw Pact 18 Duke of York 20 Ague 23/4dn. Foreign Secretary 25 Washout 26/2 Mao Tse-Tung 27 Armed Forces 28 Sweatshop 29 Trots.

DOWN: 1 Litigated 2 (see 26) 3 (see 9) 4 (see 23ac.) 5 Opium 6 Night owl 7 Regalia 8 Light 15 Screwed up 16 Treatises 17 Dominant 19 Karaoke 21 Groucho 22 Escort 23 Fumes 24 Nymph.

ST ALBION PARISH NEWS

Anniversary Thought

When I said that I thought it would be best to play down the anniversary of Diana's death this year, I did not mean that parish leaders should turn up on "Songs of Praise" claiming that they were "carrying on with Diana's work"! I am not going to mention any names but Mr Brown should have a pretty red face this morning! Trying to hijack the memory of my friend the late Princess for your own personal benefit is just not on. T.B.

FROM THE VICAR

Hullo!

You know, one of the tough things about being the vicar, is that you're never off duty.

You go on holiday and try to have some quality time with your family. But always at the back of your mind is the nagging thought that the mobile will go off, and there will be the voice of someone from the parish saying "Tony, we need you. Please come back. We can't handle this without you."

Yes, it's tough on the wife and kids. But Cherie knew it was going to be like this when she married me, and so did the children!

So when I had a call from a tearful Mrs Mowlam to say that there was a crisis in our mission in Northern Ireland, I was ready to jump on the next plane.

And thank goodness I did! Because when something terrible happens, the one person everyone wants to see is the vicar (no disrespect to Mo or to Mr Prescott, both of whom, I know, did their best!).

Incumbent: Rev. A.R.P. Blair MA (Oxon)

At the end of the day, what is needed is someone who can say the right words, which in this case were simply, "Look, I know this is terrible, but at least the peace process is continuing which is, let's face it, the main thing, okay?" It is important too, as a vicar, not to over-react, which is why I suggested to the local policemen that they lock up everybody who looks a bit shifty as soon as possible!

Anyway, I've even written a hymn, along with my friend Father Ahearne from the Church of Ireland, which we will be trying out at Evensong this week.

"Let's look forward
And not behind
Then violence soon will pass away
And everyone will be kind.
Let's look forward
Let's forget about the past.
Then we'll have a future
That in a real sense will last!"

©T. Blair and A. Ahearne

Think about it, everyone!

Au revoir (we are back on holiday in France now!),

Tony

A MESSAGE FROM THE CHURCHWARDEN

Thanks to all of you who asked me whether I had a nice time on my holiday in San Francisco. My private life is my own, thank you very much. May I just also add that we are still looking for sponsors to support our Millennium Tent project, particularly the stall which we have designated as the "Religion Zone", situated next to the toilets. Let me make it clear that unless someone comes up with an offer of some hard cash soon, there won't be a Religion Stall at all in our tent. It doesn't matter to me, but I would have thought some of you would be prepared to fork out, if only to show Tony that you are supporting everything he is doing for St Albion's. P.M.

P.S. I was naturally very grateful to our good friend Mr Conran, of Sofas R Us, who last week made special arrangements to allow me into his shop after hours so that I wasn't bothered by any parishioners complaining about the Millennium Tent on asking impertinent questions about my holiday in San Francisco. Thanks, Terry, we won't forget you!

Notices

■ Mr Prescott's talk *"On Your Bike — A Green Future"*, to be delivered next month at the Working Men's Club, has been cancelled due to lack of time. Sorry, John, we all know how much work you've put into this one, but we just couldn't fit it into the timetable. There's a bit of a traffic jam to be honest(!), so let's hope there will be time for this lecture some time in the new Millennium. T.B.

St Albion's Church School

From Mr Blunkett, Chairman of the Governors

● Will parents please remember that all children should be in bed during term time by 6.30pm at the latest? This is obviously not the sort of thing one can lay down rules about, but any child caught yawning at school will be presumed guilty under the PTA (the Prevention of Tiredness Act 1998) and will be sent home with no further warning. Children *must* be treated as children and so must their parents.

● I am delighted to announce that our GCSE results this year are the best ever. 100 percent of pupils obtained an A* in all subjects. But next year I'm sure we'll do even better! D.B.

Read The Good Book Lately?

This week's reading comes from the Old Testament, and it's amazing how up to date and relevant some of this stuff still is!

"And if a man layeth with a woman who is not his wife, then he hath committed adultery, and he shall be stoned to death.

But if that same man shall stand up and spilleth his seed on her raiment, then no man may call him an adulterer.

And he shall not be stoned to death, and his deed shall merely be deemed inappropriate in the sight of God and the people.

And that will be the end of it."

Book of Hairsplitticus Ch. 24

YOU WRITE...

Dear Sir,

I understand that this year there is to be a new system of voting by telephone for the elections to the steering committee of the PCC. Last year, if you remember, I won fairly and squarely against Mr Mandelson, the churchwarden. And now suddenly you decide to change

Yours faithfully,

Ken Livingstone, Have We Got Newts For You, The Aquatic Pet Centre, The High Street.

The Editor reserves the right to print in full any letters of a positive nature, especially from famous parishioners! A.C.

To Remember In Your Prayers

We must all pray for our good friend the Rev. Jefferson Clintstone of the First Church of Seven Day Fornicators. "Bill", as we all know him, has set a wonderful example by the way he has been prepared to confess to his sins, ie breaking the commandment "Thou shalt not commit inappropriate behaviour". Well done, Bill, we're all right behind you — especially in your crusade to wage peace against Islam!

ARCHER 'KING OF CARNIVAL'

by Our Notting Hill Staff
Ganja Din

LORD ARCHER of Weston Super-to-see-you today visited Britain's biggest street festival, the Notting Hill Carnival, to "discover his roots as the country's leading ethnic peer".

Lord Archer, 76, dressed in a grass skirt and sporting dreadlocks, explained that this was *not* a cheap publicity stunt to draw attention to his campaign to become "the first Afro-Caribbean Lord Mayor of London".

Dope

As he limbo-danced down the streets to the strains of a steel band Lord Archer told reporters: "Wah, yes, man! Respect. Gotta no respect. Shaddap you face."

He went on to explain that his father, Bob Marley Archer Senior, was one of the first Jamaican immigrants to London as well as captain of the West Indies cricket team. His mother, Ella Fitzgerald, was a popular jazz singer who taught Jeffrey to play the trumpet with Louis Armstrong and *(That's enough lies. Ed.)*

Martin Luther Archer is 94.

Those New Anti-Terrorist Laws In Full

1. Anyone caught in possession of an Irish accent may be liable to arrest.
2. Once arrested, suspects may be put in jail on the word of one senior explosives expert or member of West Midlands Serious Crime Squad.
3. Suspects may then be kept in jail for up to 15 years despite any evidence to the contrary.
4. Emma Thompson will star in film about the suspects to compensate for any inconvenience caused by inevitable miscarriage of justice.
5. Real terrorists will be given free grievance from which to make capital about assault on civil liberties.
6. Er...
7. That's it.

TEN TELL-TALE SIGNS THAT THE MONARCHY HAS CHANGED FOR EVER

1. The Queen was seen in a shop that sells "trainers".

2. The Royal Standard was seen flying at half-mast over Windsor when the Queen Mother's horse, Large One, came last in a claiming stakes at Uttoxeter.

3. Prince Charles has been seen openly smiling at his sons at a Spice Girls' concert in Moosejaw, Canada.

4. Gentlemen attending this year's Buckingham Palace Garden Parties were no longer required to wear moustaches.

5. The Queen personally met a woman with pink hair and a nose stud (possibly her niece).

6. No traitors were executed during the August Bank Holiday weekend.

7. Er...

8. That's it.

On other pages

☐ How Diana's death saved us from civil war... writes **Anthony Holdonhaven'tIwrittenthis-before** 5

☐ Ha ha ha ha she's dead... writes **Dr David Starkey-staringbonkers** 6

☐ Oh how utterly ghastly these frightful paintings of Diana are! writes **Brian R. Sewell** 7

☐ Which side am I on now? **by A.N. Wilson** 8

☐ 1000 words by tomorrow morning by **John Mortimer and others** 9

A Taxi Driver writes

Every week a well-known taxi driver is invited to comment on an issue of important topical importance. This week **Dr Theodore Dalrymple** (Cab No. 72437) on British Holidaymakers in the Balearic Islands.

Blimey Guvnor — what a bleedin' disgrace! Them English yobs getting all tanked up on Ibiza! Makes you sick — well, makes them sick anyway — makes you ashamed to be British. They're animals, scum, bastards — and the birds aren't any better — strippin' off and showin' their watsits to the locals. Look, mate, it says don't smoke so don't smoke or you can get out the cab and walk.

Do you know what I'd do to them tourists? I'd do what the consul bloke said. I'd gas the lot of them. Hitler wasn't all bad, you know. I had that Garry Bushell in the back of the cab once, a very clever man.

NEXT WEEK: Dr Eric Griffiths (Cambridge Cab No. 73842) on the inadequacies of female candidates entering for the Cambridge Tripos.

TV Highlights

Sky Movies Gold 9.00pm
The Curse of the Pharaoh (1998)

Made-for-TV horror classic. An Egyptian potentate plans to marry his heir to a beautiful princess but the doomed affair ends in tragedy. In a mad fit of rage the crazed Pharaoh invokes a terrible curse on whoever is responsible for the death of the princess. The next day he is himself visited by a terrible fate when he is accidentally crushed under a million unsold copies of the humorous magazine *Punch*.

The Harrods Channel 6.30pm
Carry On Mohamed (1963)

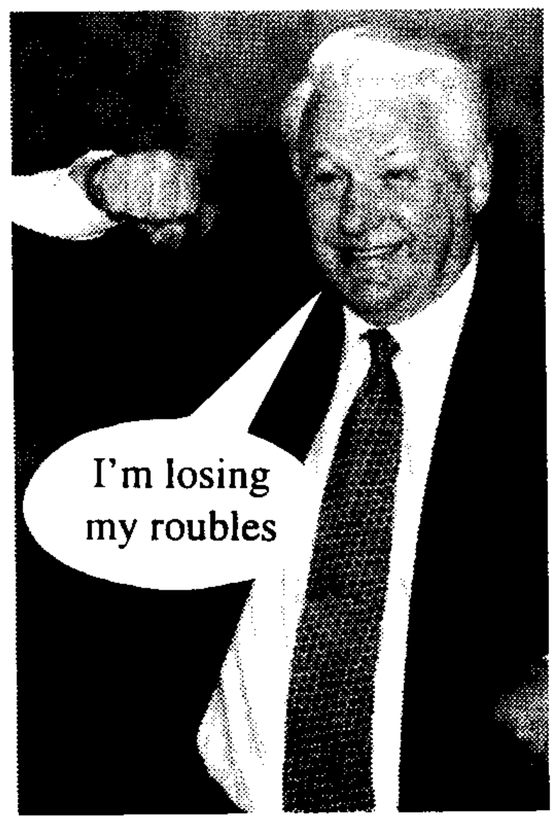
Mohamed Fayed	**Sid James**
Elizabeth Windsor	**Barbara Windsor**
The Queen Mother	**Hattie Jaques**
Sir Robin Fellowes	**Charles Hawtrey**
Michael Cole	**Kenneth Williams**
Prince Charles	**Lance Percival**

Bravo 2.30pm
Not Very Great Expectations (1998) (BBC/WDRG Boston)

In this week's episode young Pipsqueak (William Hague) comes face to face with the reclusive old crone Miss Thatchersham who ever since her cruel rejection by her former lover has shut herself up in a darkened room wearing a blue suit and matching handbag. She tells him that he doesn't deserve the Conservative Party and that he will never be any good. Poor Pipsqueak has no answer and runs from the room sobbing.

BBC Choice 1.45am
Carry On Maggie (1965)

Lady Thatcher	**June Whitfield**
William Hague	**Charles Hawtrey**
Denis Thatcher	**Sid James**
Tony Blair	**Jim Dale**



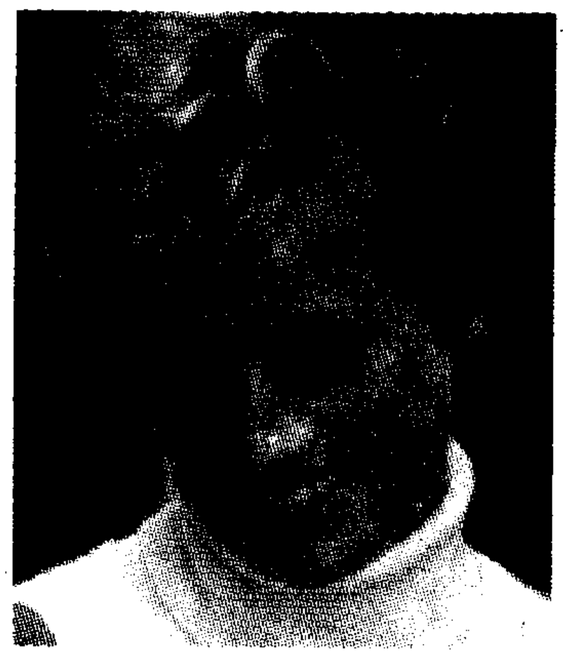
DIANA – ONE YEAR ON

A YEAR ago we asked our columnist **Phil Space** to fill up some space with a piece about the Death of Diana, Princess of Wales. A year on we are asking him to do the same thing — except to make it even longer. Here is his moving account of his feelings on hearing the news that he had to write another 5,000 words by this afternoon.

Grief. Sadness. Sorrow. Heartache. Despair. I used all these words exactly a year ago on the fateful day when the editor asked me to fill up some space. I am reminded of them again a year on when I once more have to confront my own emotions at the prospect of working through my lunch break to churn out some lachrymose pile of (continued pages 94, 95, 96 etc)

Has Death Changed Diana?

by Antonia Holden, John Mortiboys, A.N. Wislon, Lynda Lee-Slagg and millions more



IT IS EXACTLY 365 days since the event that changed the nation irrevocably.

Britain turned overnight from being a repressed, uncaring, stuffy, class-ridden... bowler hats... warm beer... to a caring, sharing, compassionate society... in touch with feminine side... renewed sense of religious purpose... land mines... aromatherapy... Age of Aquarius... new millennium.

And yet a year later how has the shining icon who was at the centre of the emotional earthquake really changed?

Who can say?

One thing is certain. Britain is a changed place... Prince Charles very popular... Queen doing a great job... Queen Mother God bless her... monarchy reinvigorated... memorial garden not such a good idea after all. *(Will this do? A.H.) (Yes, but lots more please tomorrow. Ed.)*

CHARLES SEEKS HELP FROM MEMORY EXPERT

by Our Medical Staff **Dr Rivel and Dr Oss**

THE Prince of Wales has been consulting a top specialist over memory problems.

The Prince apparently has been having trouble with people's names — which he simply cannot forget. Names like "Diana", "The Queen of Hearts" and "The People's Princess" have caused him the most difficulty, leading to embarrassment, frustration and irritation.

"No matter how hard he tries," said a spokesman, "the Prince cannot help but remember the woman everyone is going on about."

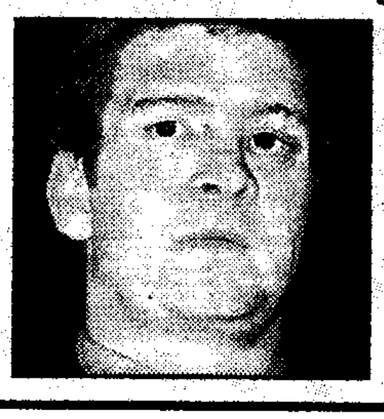
The spokesman continued, "Charles now is trying to forget all about key names — he was recommended to the specialist by his mother who has completely forgotten who is meant to succeed her on the throne."

Prince Thingummy is... I dunno... fifty something?

Where Were You When You Heard The News?

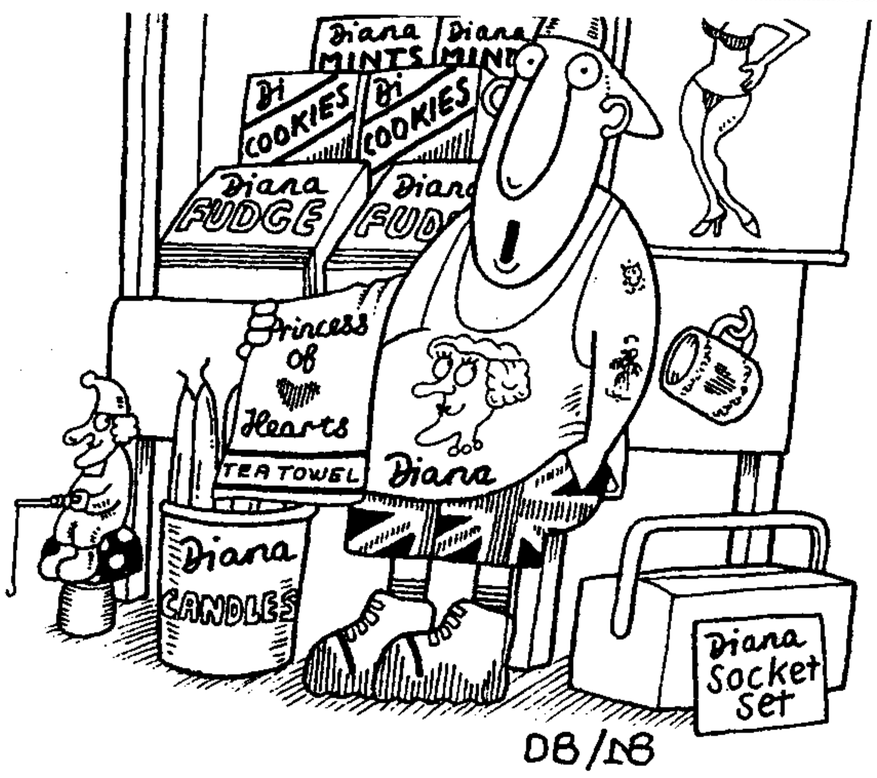
EVERYONE in the world remembers exactly where they were when they heard the tragic news of Diana's death.

It being a bank holiday weekend, we rang round a selection of anyone famous who was at home, asking them to relive those dreadful moments on August 31 1997.



TREVOR REES-JONES, bodyguard to the late Diana, Princess of Wales: "I can't remember." *(Continued on all other pages)*

NEW OLD SAYINGS



Flogging a Dead Princess

FAYED BLAMES OWNER OF RITZ FOR TRAGEDY

by Our Man on the Champs Elysee **Matthew Parris** (and his Mum)

IN AN astonishing new twist to the long-running controversy over the death of Diana, the Princess of Wales, Mr Mohamed Al Fayed has launched a bitter attack on the owner of the Ritz Hotel in Paris, who he claims is a "fuggin' idiot".

"This man," he told the French magistrate through his letterbox at 3 o'clock in the morning, "allowed the most beautiful woman in the world to be driven home from his hotel by one of his drunken employees.

"And then he had the fuggin' nerve to blame it all on the Queen of England, the fuggin' bitch.

"No wonder they won't give him a fuggin' passport. He's a fuggin' lunatic, I tell you."

Mr Fayed then offered a £100 million reward for his own arrest but lawyers acting for Mr Fayed furiously denied Mr Fayed's allegations and immediately served writs for defamation on themselves.

THE TALE OF JERMAINA MUDDLEDUCK

by Beatrix and Denis Potter

ONCE upon a time there was a little old lady called Jermaina Muddleduck, who lived in a lovely house on the M11 and kept little geese in her little orchard.

One day Jermaina went to a party with some nice friends. As she left she said, "Goodbye, little goslings, granny will be back later to put you to bed, and make sure you are all safe from nasty Mr Fox."

Then off she sped in her shiny new motor, and had a few.

Then she had a few more.

And finally she clapped her hand to her head and said to her nice friends, "Oh deary, deary me. I have quite forgotten my dear little goslings. If I do not get home quickly, they will all be eaten up by nasty Mr Fox."

So, telling them all that they must have lunch soon, she jumped into her motor and set off home as fast as she could go.

But, alas for poor Jermaina. As she sped down the fast lane at 107 miles an hour, she heard the ring-a-ding-ding of Mr Pigling Plod the Policeman, as he overtook her and booked her for speeding.

Two months later poor Jermaina appeared in court before the magistrate, Sir Horace Hedgehog.

Sobbing into her lavender-scented kerchief, she tried to explain about the goslings.

But the stern guardian of the law would have none of it. "My wife read one of your books once, and it completely ruined our marriage."

"I hereby fine you 2,500 acorns and ban you from driving for two years. Next case, please."

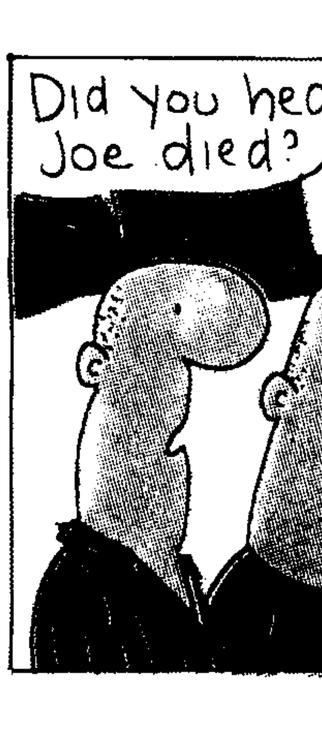
©B. and D. Plodder 1898

BBC CHIEFS PRAISE HUGE RISE IN NUMBER OF LISTENERS (WHO SWITCH OFF)

by Our Media Staff **Maggie Brownose**

CHAMPAGNE corks were popping last night at Accounting House, Portland Place (formerly Broadcasting House) as it was announced that recent changes to Radio Four had resulted in "a massive increase in the size of the decrease" in the station's listening figures.

A delighted Mr James Boyle said, "Our listeners are so pleased with the new Radio Four schedule that they cannot bear to listen to it any more."



HUSBAND

That New
IVY
Restaurant Menu
In Full

Starters

Pizza

*

Main Course

Pizza

*

Dessert

Pizza Cake

*

THE IVY

— *"Pizza In Our Time"*

World of Sock-Her

GAZZA DROPPED FROM MARRIAGE

by Our Football Staff
Dee Vorce and Ali Money

SOCCER star Paul Gascoigne was yesterday dropped from his marriage, in a shock decision that outraged his fans throughout the country (Chris Evans and Danny Baker).

Gascoigne was accused by his boss Mrs Shezza Gascoigne of:

- staying out late getting drunk
- not turning up for marital sessions
- unprofessional conduct on and off the bed
- going for the woman rather than the ball. *(That's enough accusations. Ed.)*

Said one commentator, however, "Gazza is still a young man in marriage terms. He has years of husbandry ahead of him, providing he is given the right sort of coaching."

The marriage was dissolved in several pints of lager.

Is This The World's Most Dangerous Man?

by Our Insight Team
Phil Space and Philippa Page

WESTERN intelligence experts now believe that the biggest threat to world peace is a man named Abu Bil Clintstone, who spends his life holed up in a lavishly equipped overground bunker somewhere in North America, plotting indiscriminate bombings all around the world.

A devout non-Moslem, Clintstone is said by defence analysts to surround himself with beautiful women who fuel his fantasies of power and world domination.

Satellite pictures taken from CNN reveal the arch-terrorist's hidden multi-billion dollar fortress to be situated in a leafy suburb of downtown Washington, D.C.

Clintstone is guarded night and day by heavily armed fanatics who believe in his vision of a world controlled by the will of one man and his dream of pan-Clintstonism.

Osama Time And The Living Is Sleazy

There he sits in his so-called "oval office" poring over maps and ordering lightning strikes on "soft targets" throughout the world.

Today it may be a training camp in Afghanistan, tomorrow it may be Boots the Chemists in faraway Neasden.

Make no mistake, the world will never be a safe place while the President of the United States is still at large.

THE TIMETABLE OF TERROR THAT ROCKED THE WORLD

THE EYE'S AT-A-GLANCE GUIDE TO THE WORLD'S WORST CRISIS SINCE CUBA 1962

Monday 23 August

6.31 pm Huge bombs hit U.S. Embassies in Africa.

6.32 pm Monica Lewinsky gets into taxi showing knees.

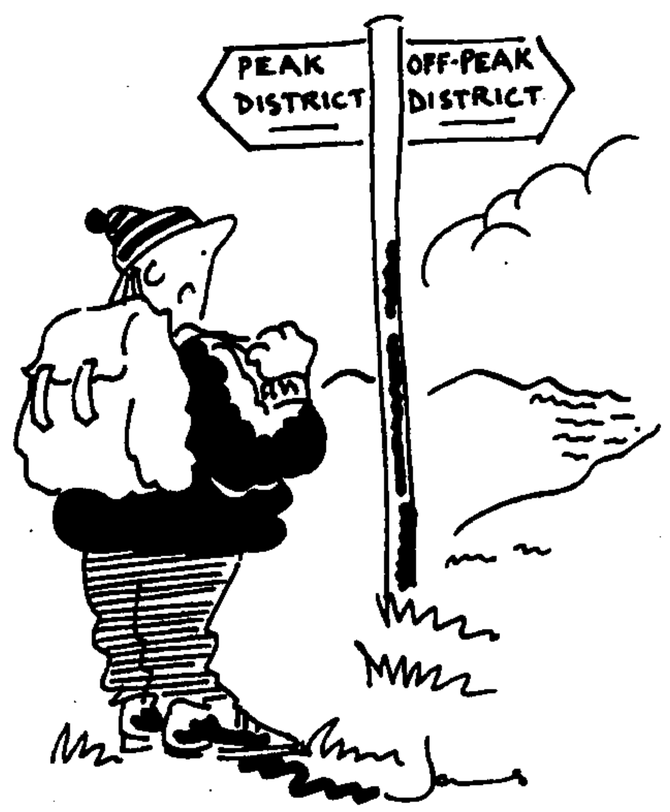
6.33 pm Prosecutor Starr announces impeachment of President "imminent".

6.34 pm President launches enormous missile attack at "hostile targets" in Afghanistan and Khartoum.

6.36 pm Tony Blair sees attack on TV and rushes to support the President's action as "legitimate self-defence in accordance with Chapter 279 of the UN Charter".

6.40 pm President appears on television in military uniform and confesses to "appropriate bombing behaviour". "It was self-defence," he explains. "We must stand up to these unprovoked attacks by Prosecutor Stan." Marine band plays "God Bless America" and "The Starr and Strips".

6.43 pm First cruise missile hits Monica Lewinsky.
(That's enough timetable of terror. Ed.)



POETRY CORNER

In Memoriam The Yardley Cosmetic Company Ltd

So. Farewell then
Yardley's soap
And lavender
Water.

For decades,
You were the Queen
Mother's
Favourite.

But now
She has lasted
Longer than
You.

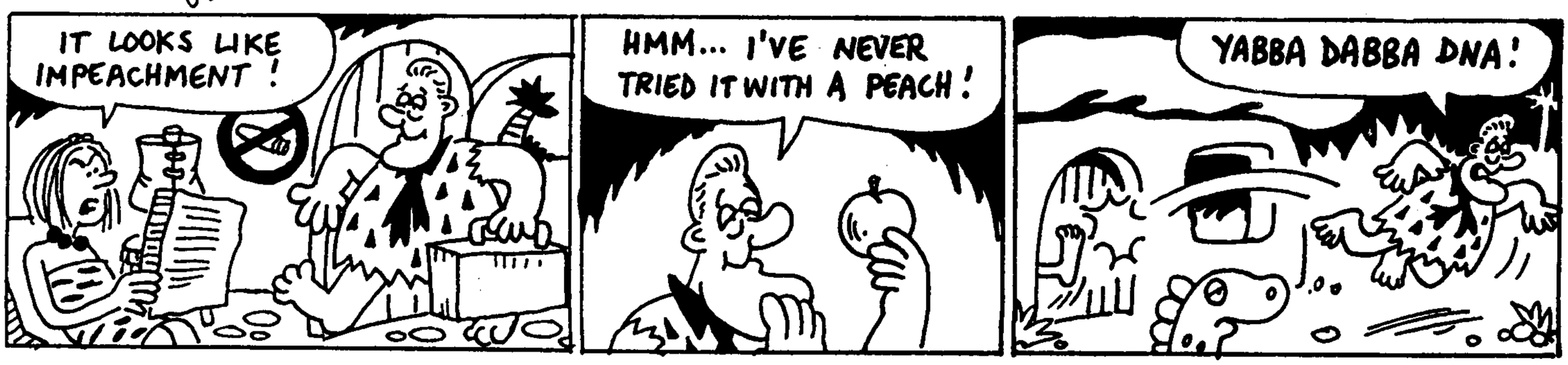
E.J. Thribb (17½)

E.J. Thribb is reading a selection of his poems in the Ally McCoist Youth Centre, Princes Street, in Edinburgh at 1.45am (venue 2,748). All tickets still available.

Dick Morris, a former White House adviser said yesterday that he had told the grand jury on Tuesday that Mr Clitnon had admitted the affair to him during "a chat" on Jan 21.

The Daily Telegraph

MEET THE CLINTSTONES - THE PREHISTORIC FIRST FAMILY



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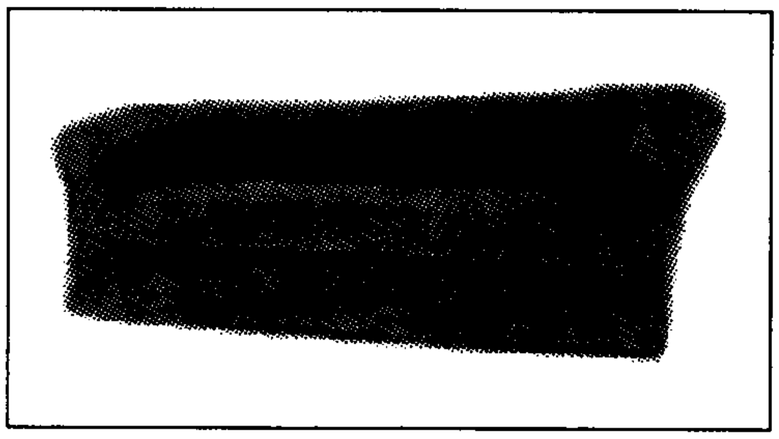
NEW FROM
CONRAN



The Mandelson

A designer model for the 90s which is stylish and lightweight, tough and hard wearing, flexible and stain resistant.

Says one satisfied customer, T. Blair of London,
"You can rely on a Mandelson to give you total support. It's very good for your back, you don't have to watch it any more. And with a Mandelson under your bottom you can forget all your troubles."

Colours: Blue, Very Blue, Not Red.

Warning: The Mandelson may make some people feel uncomfortable and give others a terrific pain in the neck.

Order now from:
THE CONMAN SHOP
Open All Hours (if you're a friend of Tony's)

"The Princess whose work has enabled millions to be saved every year... 'Vanessa'!"

RUSSIA — FINANCIAL CRISIS DEEPENS

by Our Moscow Correspondent **Xan Smileys-People**

INTERNATIONAL efforts to prop up the Yeltsin were failing last night after the dramatic collapse of the troubled Yeltsin after a huge run on vodka.

The Yeltsin had begun the day standing up at a high of 6 ft but by mid afternoon he had sunk to a new low of 4.5 ft. Hopes that the Yeltsin slump had bottomed out were dashed when he fell a further 2 ft.

Roubles all round!

"I think he'll go beneath the table," said one drinks trader, "but then there's got to be a floor that he can hit. Maybe then he'll bounce back."

Boris Yeltsin is 110^{0} proof.

Harry Enfield's Bores Drawn by Michael Heath **Edinbore Nights**

"... ter hur hur that president Clinton eh? nur hur hur 'e must be really sucked off nar har har I mean fugged off ner her Bill & 'illary are a couple of wankers aren't they? farf farf I mean fancy callin' your dorter after the worst foobaw team in the world herf herf yeah yeah yeah fuggoff mate Chelsea are shit ner hur that Gingrich bloke I mean fancy callin' your son Newt ner hur I mean is 'is old man Ken Livin'stone? narf arf fugginell ho ho Demi Moore? ho ho demi-brain warf warf fuggintart narf narf you seen that Titanic? nerf nerf fugginlong innit? like my cock arf arf Anfea Turner? farf farf fuggin-dog ho ho wazzshe doin' wiv that snake stuggup 'er jacksy? Eh? Eh? Eh? Eh? She's tryin' to be a New Ladder — d'yer geddit? snakes & ladders? d'yer geddit? d'yer ged-dit? alwight fuggoff you lot 'ooze farted? erf erf Glenn 'oddle ay? arf arf? squeaky voiced wanger hur hur can't 'is faith 'ealer get 'is balls to drop? herf herf! them ads on telly ain't they shit? ter hur fugginell my 'ead 'urts I got pissed last night narf narf are there any jocks in tonight? Yeah? One? Oh my gawd it's Gordon fuggin Brown fuggoff Jock Robin Cook's a ginger wanger Gaynor's a dog I 'ate Edinborough ain't the coke up 'ere shit? I can't wait to get back to the Groucho gor blimey fuggoff ain't Viagra great..."

NHS WAITING LIST

DOBBO DENIES 'FIDDLED FIGURES' CLAIMS

by Our NHS Staff **Barts Simpson**

A FURIOUS Health Supremo Frank Dobson last night issued a five-point rebuttal of accusations that his hugely improved hospital waiting list figures had been "fiddled".

This was what he said:

1. The figures have not been in any way fiddled.

2. And if they were, that is only what the Tories did before us.

3. Any suggestion that the figures were fiddled is an outrageous slur on the good name of the doctors and nurses who have done such a fantastic job in getting waiting lists down by a record level.

4. Any suggestion that this record level has only been achieved by omitting the months when lists were up, adding in months when lists were down and then taking away the number you first thought of, is entirely true.

5. This can in no way, however, be described as "fiddling the figures". It is merely presenting the figures in a different sequence in order to make them more "user-friendly" to the millions of voters who want to vote Labour at the next election.

IRA CONDEMNS IRA

Adams Lashes Terrorists

by Our Northern Ireland Staff **Lunchtime O'Magh**

IN A dramatic announcement that shocked himself, Mr Gerald Manley Adams, the writer and statesman, last night hit out at the "depraved killers" behind the Omagh bomb outrage.

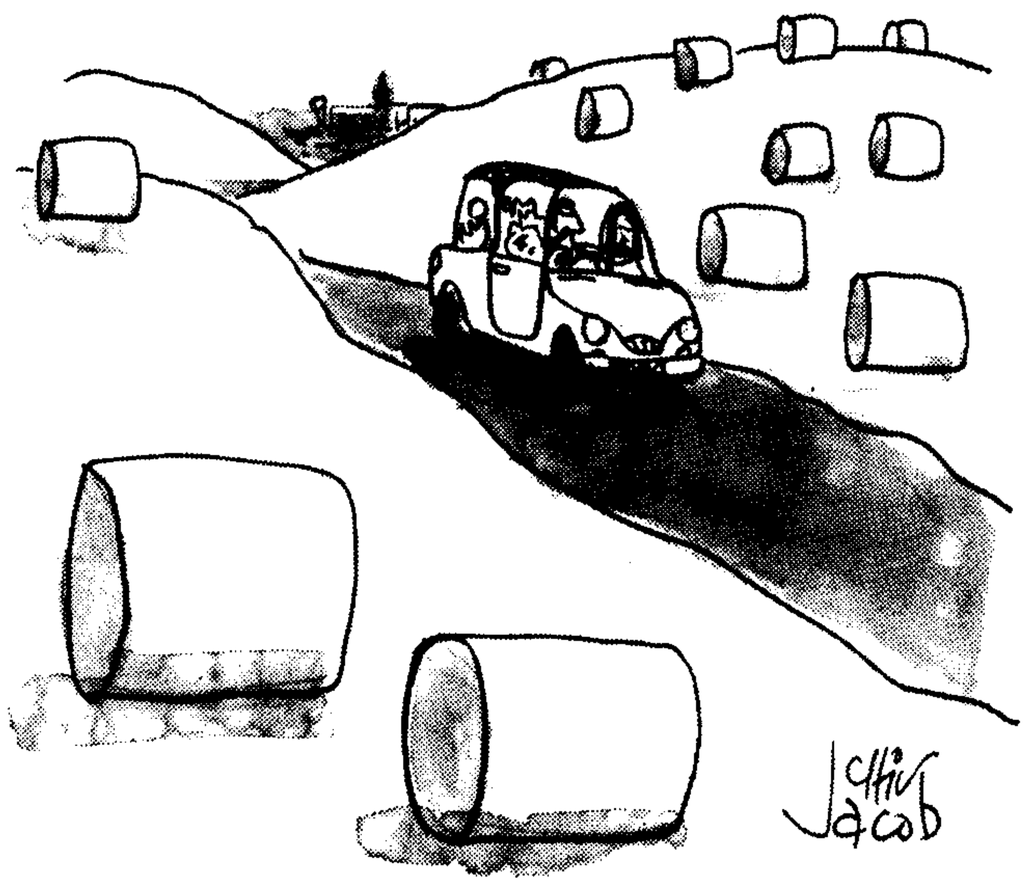
"What sort of people plant a bomb in a busy shopping street in order to kill innocent women and children?" he asked.

Mr Adams was among the 50,000 mourners who yesterday packed the streets of the small Ulster market town.

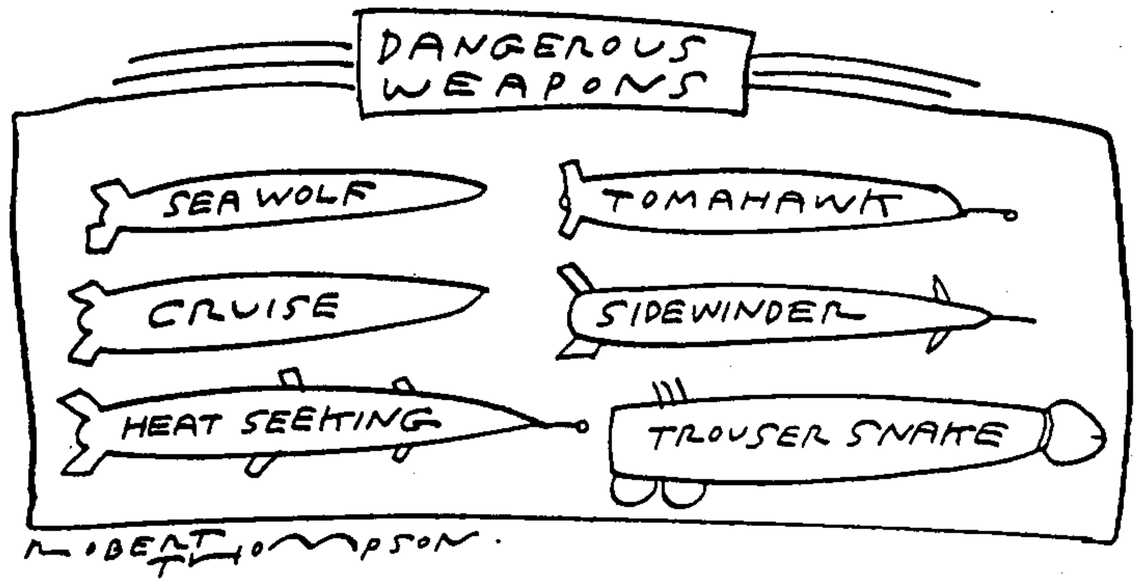
McGuinness Is Bad For You

With tears streaming down his face, he told reporters: "If these cowardly murderers think they can advance their cause by killing people, they're probably right."

(Reuters)



"Blast! We forgot the toilet rolls!"



THE DAILY TELEGRAPH FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 4 1998

The End Of The World Is Nigh

By Award-Winning Reith Lecturer Brigadier Trumper-Smythe (Defence Editor, Daily Telegraph)

THERE is no doubt that things look pretty black. Russia crumbles into anarchy. The forces of militant Islam are poised to take over the world. America, the only global superpower, is virtually leaderless. Can our civilisation survive more than a few weeks?

I have to say that down here in my agreeable manor house in Wiltshire, where the sun shines, things don't look anything like as bad as you chaps up there in London seem to think. We military historians have seen all this before... the Somme... millions killed in an afternoon... Bay of Pigs... Third Crusade... Visigoths Sack Rome... Telegraph sacks myself... Is this enough?

ADVERTISEMENT

A Level Students!

Have you got 2 Es and a U?

Then don't despair. The University of Neasden (formerly the IKEA North Circular Polytechnic) still has places in all the following subjects:

- **Diana Studies**
- **Cake Icing Technology**
- **The History of Darts**
- **Rock De-Construction Foundation Course: From Dylan to Hendrix**
- **Computer Game Sciences (Up To Level 5)**
- **Teletubbiology: The Semiotics Of Lala and Po**

PLUS

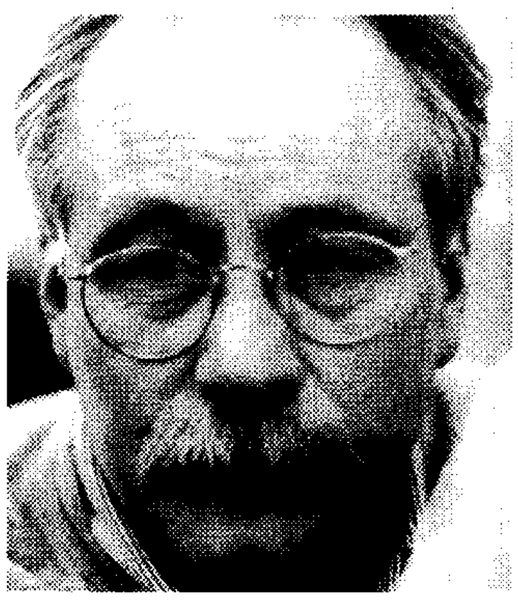
- **Engineering**
- **Physics**
- **Maths etc.**

UN **The University of Neasden** UN

"Putting Learning Last"

Vice-Chancellor: Alan Sugar

DIARY



W.G. SEBALD

It had grown uncommonly dark and sultry, the clouds painfully laden as though ready to sear the earth once more with their translucent acid, when I set out on my Summer holidays. Holidays! The word itself, a stifled and tortuous amalgam of "holly", that fiercest and most spiteful of all trees, with its sharp, shiny, pox-green edges ready to strike out and pierce human skin, causing blood, a dark reddish-grey, greyish-red, to drop out, willy-nilly, onto the earth below, staining the soil in perpetuity, and "days", with its dull echo of daze, in which I so often find myself after finishing these sentences, some of them as long and distracted as those sentences handed out with unnerving efficiency by the Guatemalan Lord Chief Justice to the Netherlandish invaders of the Indonesian island of Iwu-Miju in 1473, after the Brecon uprising commemorated in the poem by Swinburne after he had taken a cup of tea — a cup fatally calamitous for two pure-white sugar lumps, who can have known little of their destruction but for those few dreadful seconds when they experienced the unsettling feeling, the common to all human civilisation, of being dropped into hot, brown liquid with an abrupt flick of the wrist, there to disintegrate into nothingness, never to return — the entire and dreadful word, "holidays", forcing one to attempt to suppress a mounting sense of dizziness in the face of looming catastrophe.

It was a dark, overcast day when I arrived on the beach with my bucket and spade, or it would have been if the sun had not been blazing down on me, as though spurred in its hatred by some half-remembered vendetta, unforgiving in its burning, hell-like cruelty. My feet seemed to blister in despair and to scream out in silent agony as the sand slithered and slimed its way, viper-like, into their mis-shapen crevices, holes between limbs, all worn away by the ravages of time. What could I build with my spade and my bucket, the two of them working in unison, that might hope to endure longer than a single tide? I strode despairingly along the beach, taking note of what others had constructed. Sandcastles! But to me the idea of erecting a castle of sand was out of the question if there was no cement-mixer to hand. I hesitated no more, immediately walking, all alone with my bucket and spade, to a distant builders' merchants in the outer reaches, terrifyingly isolated, of the locality. "I will be immediately needing a cement mixer for the construction of a beach-castle" I told the merchant, "You may be assured I shall be providing my own sand and water." He looked at me with the bemused expression I have observed before on those startled to find a stranger among them, however proficient he may be in the language of English. There was no time to lose: I soon found myself back at the same stretch of beach, pulling my cement-mixer behind me, the grains of sand, like so many tiny eyeballs, staring in mute hatred at me as I prepared to turn them to stone.

The sky appeared blue, but I knew that, somewhere else in the world, yet more clouds, black and bruised, were gathering. Immediately above me, a seagull swooped, its wings stretched fully out, as though an unseen torturer were pulling them to breaking-point until they disclosed their secret. But what secret does the seagull hold? This one conducted its incessant squawking with an earnest intensity, yet its almost bird-like language meant nothing at all. Whenever one cuts in half a seagull that has been killed with ethyl alcohol one is struck by how utterly useless it now looks, each half unable to flap in even the most basic manner. Anton Chekhov must have known this distinctive, bewildering feature about seagulls when he wrote his play *The Cherry Orchard*, for almost exactly three years and two months earlier and only six hundred and forty seven miles away, a Prussian fisherman with pale brown hair had finally assembled the largest collection of ostrich eggs under a single roof. Ten years on, due to faulty sand-based cement in the fixtures, the roof was to crumble, and the entire collection was to lie in smithereens. High above me in the air, the gull continued upon its vacuous and erratic journey through a sky still glowering in fury at the ceaseless intrusion of the crazed sun.

The sky loomed over me like a bright blue package containing heavy objects about to fall on the world from a great height. "Strawberry or Orange, mate?" said the man. I had asked for an ice-lolly and now the salesman in the van was cross-questioning me as to my exact meaning. "A Mivvi" I replied. "I know that, mate" he responded, curtly, "But Strawberry or Orange?" It was then that I remembered that Orange is the colour of the robes that adorn the corpses of women in Delhi who have died hideous deaths, a haunting and melancholy detail I have never been able to shed from my memory when ordering a lolly. "Orange, please" I said mournfully. The Mivvi, I was later to discover, is named after Dr Hans Mivvi of Zurich, the eighteenth-century apothecary whose Almanac de Mivvi, first published in Rome in 1781 — the very same year that a 92 year old woman was burnt as a witch in Bury St Edmunds — pioneered the notion of an iced comestible wrapped around another iced comestible, the two of them then placed on a stick. Yet the Mivvi ice-lolly has always seemed to me god-forsaken in its bewildered iciness, an iciness brought into savage relief by the plaintive flavouring of its outer lollyhood, so that the insertion of the Mivvi into the mouth induces a terrifying sense of déjà-vu in the hapless consumer, as though mankind itself were frozen for those few minutes on a stick, to be placed into the mouth of nothingness until it melts, the sole memento of our existence a few fast-fading orange drips on the chin of oblivion. With the sun setting behind me, reminding me of a bad egg thrown haphazardly into a darkening bin, I end my first day on the sodden beach. On this very day three hundred and ninety seven years ago, something unspeakingly dreadful happened. But what? I spot a congealed chip on the worn beach, pick it up, suck on it, and struggle to remember.

SUPERMODELS

KERBER

GOSH!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
I JUST WORKED ON A BIG CAMPAIGN FOR YARDLEY!
YARDLEY BANKRUPT
TOO OLD-FASHIONED
OH, AND YOU'RE WORRIED YOU WON'T GET PAID-?!!
NO, I'VE BEEN PAID.... I'M JUST WORRIED THAT NO-ONE SEEMS TO KNOW WHAT GUINEAS ARE!

Spiceworld: The Movie *(1997) Dir Spiers; starring the Spice Girls, Elton John, Stephen Fry* The Spice Girls have their knockers, but there's no denying their huge appeal. To say the plot is flimsy would be to credit the film with a plot at all. It's more a series of videos linked with cameos from a gallery of familiar faces. Young girls will have fun with the dance routines, old men will have fun with Geri. Brit pap, but every home will have a copy. (PG)

Good Book Guide

CHILDMINCER REQUIRED FOR 3 Children, ages 4, 3, and 1 in their own home, Monday to Friday.

Belfast Telegraph

Literary Review

Middle-aged spread

England, England
Julian Barnes
(Cape, £15.99)

Amsterdam
Ian McEwan
(Cape, £14.99)

Heavy Water and Other Stories
Martin Amis
(Cape, £14.99)

THE ruling triumvirate of English literary fiction since the Seventies has been Mart, Jules and Ian. These boys have always seemed to belong together. All were born within a few years of the end of the Second World War; all reviewed for the *New Statesman* and then the *Observer* in the Seventies; all were first published by Tom Maschler at Jonathan Cape. Mart, Jules and Ian were friends as well, until that bad business a few years back when Mart asked for half a mill for a novel, ditching Cape as his publisher and Jules's wife as his agent in the process.

These may be mere biographical coincidences but there are important links between their books as well. Each writer significantly stretched the conventions of serious English fiction: Amis through prose style, McEwan through subject matter and Barnes through form. Mart would write an English sentence that was half Chicago-born. Ian would describe in cool and non-judgemental prose a boy raping his young sister. Jules would produce a book which contained 10 essays with no recurrent characters and declare that it was a novel. Amis made English fiction more American; McEwan and Barnes rendered it more European. And, finally, these literary triplets are linked by the fact that none has ever won the Booker Prize despite being far more talked-about and written-about than those who do.

Now here they all are, 50th birthdays just gone or soon here, each with a new book in the autumn lists. Indeed, in the same list, for Mart is back at Cape. And each of the volumes has the same unwritten question lying between the lines. What is a writer once praised as a brilliant youth supposed to do as he edges towards his pension?

Jules has written a novel, his first in eight years, called *England, England*. An exact small-scale replica of England is created on the Isle of Wight by billionaire Sir Jack Pitman, who is an exact replica of Robert Maxwell, although it is unclear whether this is a subtle point about duplication or the limit of the writer's characterisational skills. The story of Sir Jack's island is frequently interrupted by Baudrillardian riffs on authenticity and parody.

Ian, usually a slow producer, has surprised the bookshops with another novel (or, strictly, novella) just a year after his stalking-and-physics hit *Enduring Love*. This one's called *Amsterdam* and follows a moral stand-off between a modern composer and a newspaper editor, obviously based on McEwan's friends Michael Berkeley and Will Hutton. You think it's going to be an issue book about mercy killing but it finally uses euthanasia only as the basis for a final twist of Dahlish nastiness.

Mart's new one is *Heavy Water*, his first book of short stories. There are nine of them, written between 1975 and last year. The collection starts well with a tale called *Career Move*, set in a world in which screenplay writers are penniless literary peripherals, hawking their sci-fi epics around the little magazines in London, while poets are millionaire superscribes, flown first class to LA to discuss their latest sonnet project. It's a good jape — and, you suspect, would have made his old dad laugh like hell — but, as the book goes on, the stories start bulging with all the advanced physics stuff that has disfigured every Amis book since *Money*.

It is here that a pattern becomes clear across this coincidental trilogy from the Brit Lit trio. Jules, Ian and Mart all want to be — or are encouraged by the literary market to become — a writer other than the one which, at their best, they are.

"What's my motivation for this scene, Aristophanes?"

For example, the publication of Barnes's collected *New Yorker* pieces, *Letters From London*, established that he is a fine English essayist. His best novels (*A History Of The World, Flaubert's Parrot*) are essentially essays pretending to be fiction. But literary history and convention are goading him to show that he can do the full monty as a novelist: characters, plot, twisty narrative. *England, England* is a failure but you keep feeling that he's entered himself for the wrong exam.

It's the same with McEwan. A startlingly original short story writer — who had the potential to become a more macabre English version of Raymond Carver — he has been steered by publishing prejudice and ambition for posterity towards the novel, which (as with William Trevor, another victim of this size bias) usually feels like the wrong distance for him.

And, as for Amis, his own wannabe problems are well known. A prospective genius of the short, sharp comic English novel, he has displayed an increasing terror of the genre and nationality to which he was born. The twin ambitions to become an honorary American and an armchair atomic physicist have fattened his late-career work beyond its natural fighting weight.

The recent output of these three writers also suggests a final irony. Writers who introduced beneficial outside influences to English fiction now all seem worryingly vulnerable to pressure from the beach-book end of the market. McEwan's *Amsterdam* — like *Enduring Love* before it — is weakened by a thrillerish outbreak of violence at the end. Amis's last novel, *Night Train*, was a police procedural, American of course. Even the austere Barnes attempts in *England, England* a Michael Dobbs-ish blackmail plot which he really hasn't got the head for.

The fact that writers who once dared to challenge what a book should be are so willing to chase the market is another sign that all three of them need urgently to see the careers advisor.

HOW THEY ARE RELATED

INVITED by *The Week* magazine to name the "books that have influenced him in the past few years", media medic Dr James Le Fanu gives a handsome plug to Noel Annan's *Our Age: Portrait of a Generation*, praising the author for "making the world a better place".

By some strange oversight, he neglects to add that Noel Annan is his father-in-law.

LIBRARY NEWS

■ GERRY ROBINSON's latest appointment as sandwich maker to the British Library was overseen by one of his own board members at Granada, John Ashworth, in his other capacity as chairman of the British Library.

Sutcliffe Catering, a subsidiary of Granada, won an 11-year contract worth £1.3m a year to provide library-goers with food. So has Robinson's company transformed the food arrangements for readers and staff at the library? Er, no.

A note to library members apologises for "the less than perfect start to the service" since "menus and pricing are still in the development stage" and "insufficient time was available for staff recruitment and training prior to opening".

Still, Robinson's company is aware of "teething problems" and the "shortcomings" and "justified criticism which these have aroused".

SNIPCOCK & TWEED
IT'S ONE HELL OF A PROPOSITION.... THEY'RE GROWN UPS ... A MAN'S BOUND TO BE TEMPTED ... I'M NOT SURE HE SHOULD BE BLAMED...
LEWINSKY LATEST
I'LL OFFER $10 MILLION MISS LEWINSKY ... MAKE THAT $20 MILLION .... ANYTHING!
CHEQUE BOOK

footnotes

Labour sheep say BAA!

Business will get its way over Heathrow Terminal 5

A FIFTH terminal — why BAA says no!" was the headline of the British Airports Authority's *Airport News* of December 1982.

The British Airports Authority, which ran all the London airports, was publicly-owned and was haunted by old-fashioned ideas about responsibility to the public at large. Permission had been just been granted for a fourth terminal at Heathrow — and some greedy companies, including British Airways, were proposing a fifth. The BAA was appalled. A spokesman said: "Most people assume that airports want to keep on expanding regardless of the consequence to others. But as a responsible operator we want to do what is right for air passengers, for the industry and for the people who live near our airports." The arguments against the fifth terminal were then presented: too much noise which would deprive tens of thousands of sleep, too much traffic, inexcusable invasion of the green belt, etc, etc.

EGAN: fat salary

The government's inspector who passed the fourth terminal, Iain Glidewell QC, said: "This is the last major expansion of the airport." Even the Tory government agreed. The Parliamentary Under-Secretary at the Department of Trade, a former airline pilot called Norman Tebbit, announced in the Commons: "We have decided that the proposed fifth terminal at Heathrow should not go ahead."

In 1986, the old fuddy-duddy BAA was privatised to become new dynamic BAA plc, a commercial monopoly which did exactly the same job as the old BAA but whose directors were paid incomparably graeter salaries, bonuses and share options. A new chief executive was soon appointed — the bustling Thatcherite Sir John Egan (£592,000 last year plus £229,000 unfunded pension contributions). The new BAA's directors and shareholders couldn't care less about aircraft noise or sleep deprivation or the green belt. They wanted higher dividends and growth. The easiest and quickest way to grow was to build a fifth terminal. The new BAA teamed up with British Airways fervently to champion the Heathrow expansion which the old BAA had opposed.

In 1994, the Tory government set up an inquiry into BAA's plans for the fifth terminal under the planning lawyer Roy Vandermeer QC. It was assumed in high places that the inquiry would be a push-over for the fifth terminal. But the extent of the opposition from almost the entire population of West London and the Thames Valley soon became clear. More than 20,000 people wrote to the inquiry objecting to the terminal. Eight-five per cent of the 300 people who gave evidence at the hearings were against it. Their arguments were almost exactly the same as the old BAA's — too much noise, congestion, pollution and invasion of the countryside. All 13 councils affected formally objected. At first all these councils were represented by lawyers. As the inquiry dragged on, however — it is now in its fourth year — the councils ran out of money and were forced to withdraw their lawyers. One junior barrister now represents the entire opposition to the project. Ranged against him are the heavy mob from BAA: Lord Silsoe QC, Guy Roots QC and two other barristers, backed up by the expensive City solicitors Cameron McKenna.

How can a regulated monopoly like BAA afford to shell out such fantastic legal fees? Because the Government has given special permission to BAA to increase its landing charges by £60m to meet the costs of the inquiry. This is, in effect, a subsidy, granted by the government regulator, the Civil Aviation Authority, which says out loud that it assumes that the fifth terminal will be approved. Not a penny of government money has been provided for the legal expenses of the objectors.

In spite of the subsidy and a massive PR campaign in favour of the terminal, the signs are that BAA's argument at the inquiry is being lost. The company response is to smear the inquiry itself, complaining that it is a waste of time and money. If the inspectors come out against the terminal, BAA, BA and their acolytes are relying on New Labour ministers to overturn the inquiry findings and give the go-ahead anyway. Their hopes are boosted by the close links which have been carefully built up between the two companies and Labour. The first set of company directors allowed in to see John Prescott the day after the general election were from BAA. They pleaded the case for the new terminal. BA chief executive Bob Ayling shared his 50th birthday party with Jack Straw and Gordon Brown was the speaker at a big business dinner in the spring to celebrate the life of BA's chairman Sir Colin (now Lord) Marshall. In March, Richard Caborn, the once militant left-wing Sheffield MP who is John Prescott's planning minister, delighted the companies with a bombastic attack on the Terminal Five inquiry. All the signs are that Prescott's ministers will side with the shareholders of their two favourite private monopolies against the public interest.

Grave offender

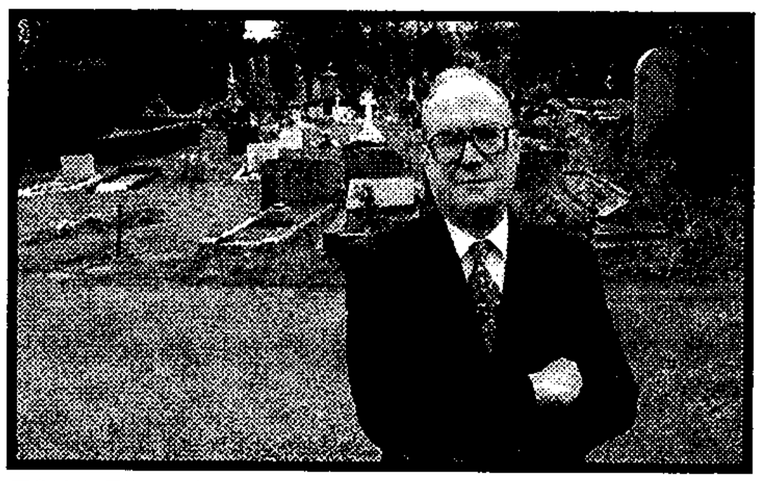
■ ELEVEN years ago, Lady Porter's Westminster Council flogged off some council cemeteries at £1 each and made a cool million for the lucky buyers.

They were following the precedent set a few years earlier by Mr Tony Towner, a barrister, who had done some consultancy work for a client who paid him by selling him the ancient Arnos Vale cemetery in Bristol for £1. Towner's heroic attempts to make money out of his asset have not made him the most popular man in the city.

In his early years as cemetery proprietor, Mr Towner managed to make a small profit from the cemetery's disintegrating crematorium. In March this year the crematorium was finally closed down by order of the Department of the Environment. Mr Towner blamed competition from two council crematoria, built many years before he came on the scene. Then he tried to close the cemetery and ban the public from it. Then he tried to encourage relatives who had loved ones buried there to exhume bodies so he could build 400 houses on the site.

All this led to widespread protests from the public. Volunteers took over the gates of the cemetery, and started to clean up accumulated rubbish. Mr Towner's reaction was to denounce the Friends as "trespassers" and "outlaws" and to seek an injunction to ban them from the cemetery. His application was refused by Judge Michael Daniel on 4 August.

Mr Towner's abrasive style — he charges £25 for every fax or letter about burials and £15 a phone call — has united the entire city in disgust. His opponents include the local MP, Jean Corston, the *Bristol Evening Post*, the city council, the Bishop of



TOWNER: in for a pound and out to make a million

Bristol, the Indian High Commissioner (who tries each year to pay homage to Raja Rammohun Roy, the celebrated Indian reformer buried in Arnos Vale, but is often locked out) not to mention the thousands of people who have relatives buried there.

In an attempt at a compromise last November, English Heritage persuaded Towner to "accept advice" on the conservation of the celebrated Victorian arcadian garden and ancillary listed buildings at the cemetery from Julian Litten, president of the Friends of Kensal Green cemetery. Towner insisted that Litten join the board of his company, Arnos Village plc. On 14 June, Litten committed the ultimate crime of talking to the chairman of the Friends of Arnos Vale cemetery, Richard Smith. When Towner heard of this discussion with the enemy, Mr Litten (to his relief) was sacked from the board.

The city council say that in no circumstances will any development for profit be allowed on the site. The cemetery is collapsing in decay and undergrowth. Towner, a man of our time, is sulking. His attitude appears to be that if he can't make a million from his cemetery, it can rot.

NOT WANTED ON BOARD

■ THE official solicitor has finally bowed to pressure to appoint a bus driver to the board of the trustee company for the National Bus Company pension fund.

But he still obstinately refuses to appoint Frank Wheeler, the former bus driver who fought the pensioners' case for 10 years. In 1996, he single-handedly took the case to the pensions ombudsman, who decided that £160m of bus pensioners' money had been swiped by the government and must be returned.

Instead of accepting this verdict, the Tories clung on to the money and set up the official solicitor as a new trustee. When they were elected, Labour ministers hinted they would give the money back, but now seem determined not to.

The official solicitor refuses to appoint Mr Wheeler because he is old and slightly deaf, lives in Scotland and occasionally begs to differ with lawyers hired by the official solicitor. He recently started legal action against the trustees to stake his claim to be on their board.

In panic the official solicitor searched for a bus pensioner who was *not* Frank Wheeler. He appointed Andrew Lister, a Stagecoach bus driver in Dorset. Lister is a member of the RMT, a rail and maritime union which has few bus worker members. Most bus pensioners were in Frank Wheeler's union, the T&GWU, which still doesn't have a rep in the trustee company.

The case is due to come to court next year, but may take longer. The longer it takes, the more bus pensioners will die.

You can write to Paul Foot at Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 0171 287 3183

In the City

THE MAN who would be Lord Bernerd of South Bank — with a little help from his new best Labour friend, culture secretary Chris Smith — appears to have an expensive little local problem with the messy demise of the "Pronto" lottery, designed to help good causes, including the ennoblement of Elliott, one of the least liked men of property.

Operations of the rapid-draw game promoted by InterLotto were suspended two weeks ago and are unlikely to resume. Most of the staff at Bernerd's MMK company, which ran the lottery, are gone or going.

The switch-off was blamed on technical problems with the on-line network linking the terminals in clubs and pubs to Bernerd lottery central. For this MMK, the major backer of "Pronto", blames British Telecom.

Litigation is in the wind. For the alternative would seem to be that Bernerd could face writing off up to £30m invested in the venture which was primarily designed to benefit several charities.

Such generosity would no doubt have fitted well with his offer to make a success of the stalled South Bank Centre development where he has been appointed chairman by the easily impressed Smith, who ignored that Bernerd had been part of the previous grandiose and unpopular scheme.

MMK ran the network and had organised the provision of terminals and staff to make the lottery function. However, Bernerd's hopes of a Camelot-style pay-off were doomed by government opposition. Just weeks before "Pronto" was launched last November the Home Office announced it would ban such quick-draw games. The Home Office claimed such gambling can be addictive.

From then on InterLotto was struggling and, not surprisingly, never came even close to its 2000 terminals target. Trade estimates put the number of terminals at 370 and the sales at an annual rate of £8m compared with the £500m target. Charities were to receive 20 per cent of the take.

InterLotto is said to have debts of up to £2m, which it will probably need MMK help to cover. MMK itself no doubt has liabilities regarding the equipment it has provided. Charities, too, will have to receive their guaranteed share, which has to come off the top.

This is the second lottery venture failure for property man Bernerd. An earlier scheme to run one in Russia never got off the ground. These failures suggest that whatever Bernerd may know about property and networking — which is a lot — his management skills may be less pronounced. Insiders have criticised his constant meddling.

The question now will be whether Bernerd decides to take the gamble of investing in a legal action against BT or the even bigger gamble of funding an action by InterLotto against the Home Office for its last-minute objection. This effectively doomed "Pronto" before it started but after MMK and others had invested on the basis of an implied government green light.

Any case against the government could be enhanced by the fact that despite declaring its intention to ban "Pronto" within months, thereby discouraging sales, it has now emerged that the Home Office expects no such action until possibly 2000. Within weeks of that becoming clear Bernerd pulled the plug, thereby cutting his losses. The problem for the egregious Elliott is that any legal claim against the government would kiss goodbye to his honours hopes.

SADLY, the City will have to wait to hear the true story of fun-loving fund manager Peter Young, his private compliance officer Sandra and the real identity of "Tracy" together with who did what to who during the Morgan Grenfell high-flyer's visits to a Marylebone basement flat.

News Group Newspapers has dropped its action against the High Court injunction granted two years ago to prevent "Sandra" telling her story and showing the Polaroids of Young at play (*Eye* 954). The case was settled shortly before it was expected to go to trial in July. The terms of the settlement have not been disclosed, but it seems the Murdoch tabloids may have decided not to risk an adverse ruling over the issues of privacy and confidentiality which could prevent similar and juicier stories. So the injunction remains in place.

All of which means finding out whether Young, in addition to his penchant for benefitting from client funds via offshore companies also enjoyed cross-dressing to ease executive stress, will have to await the decision by the serious fraud office on whether to prosecute him and others for the £400m he cost Deutsche Morgan Grenfell.

That decision is expected shortly as it is now almost two years since the SFO were called in to investigate the Young problem. If, as seems likely, the SFO decides to prosecute then the decision on whether Young is both mad and bad will need to be decided. And so the tale of Sandra, Tracy and the Polaroids may finally get to be told.

SUPPORTERS of Fulham FC, cheered by a winning start to the division two season, will be interested to learn that the Pharaohs are among the few league clubs to be owned offshore. Control of the club, acquired last year by Mohamed Fayed, is held through Fulham Leisure Holdings in the Caribbean tax haven of the British Virgin islands.

Nor is that the only offshore link since the phoney pharaoh took control from the Muddyman family.

Soon after that deal the freehold of Craven Cottage, Fulham's Thames-side ground, was acquired by a Jersey company, Belloc. This was a subsidiary of Fulham Football Leisure, the company formed to take over the club. But then in August last year Belloc sold the freehold to a fellow, but onshore, subsidiary Fulham Stadium for £6.9m. The reasons, other than tax, for such a transaction are unclear.

Fulham Stadium rented the ground to the club for free, pending completion of a refurbishment programme. Despite promotion Fulham lost £749,000 in the season before Fayed took over, so it is not exactly flush with cash. It remains to be seen how much the picture changed after a year in division two.

"Which loyalty card do you want?"

MEANWHILE further details have emerged about evidence which is likely to form part of the civil case against Fayed and his acolytes being brought on behalf of his bitter rival, the late "Tiny" Rowland, over the breaking into of his Harrods safe deposit box. The case has a provisional trial date next month.

It appears that the Fayed camp have admitted that not only did they break into the Rowland box two or three times in order to examine and copy the contents, but they also arranged for a duplicate key to be made so that they could get into the box at will without requiring the presence of a locksmith who might be an unreliable witness.

Furthermore, when questioned by Scotland Yard about what had happened to the copies of the contents — documents, photographs and tapes — the Harrods line was that various items could not be returned because they had been given to author Tom Bower, then a friend but now a foe of Fayed. This gave the police no choice but to question Bower, who was no doubt able to satisfy them that he had not received any documents or photographs knowing they had been stolen.

Fayed's use of the documents and his passing of them to Bower is expected to form part of the claim by Rowland's estate that there was a clear intent to damage the reputation of the Lonrho founder.

IT SEEMS Polly Peck fugitive Asil Nadir is now dreaming of a stock market comeback — this time in the US. Nadir is said to have been discussing plans to inject several new ventures into a US "shell" company with a listing on NASDAQ or the tertiary "pink sheets" over-the-counter market.

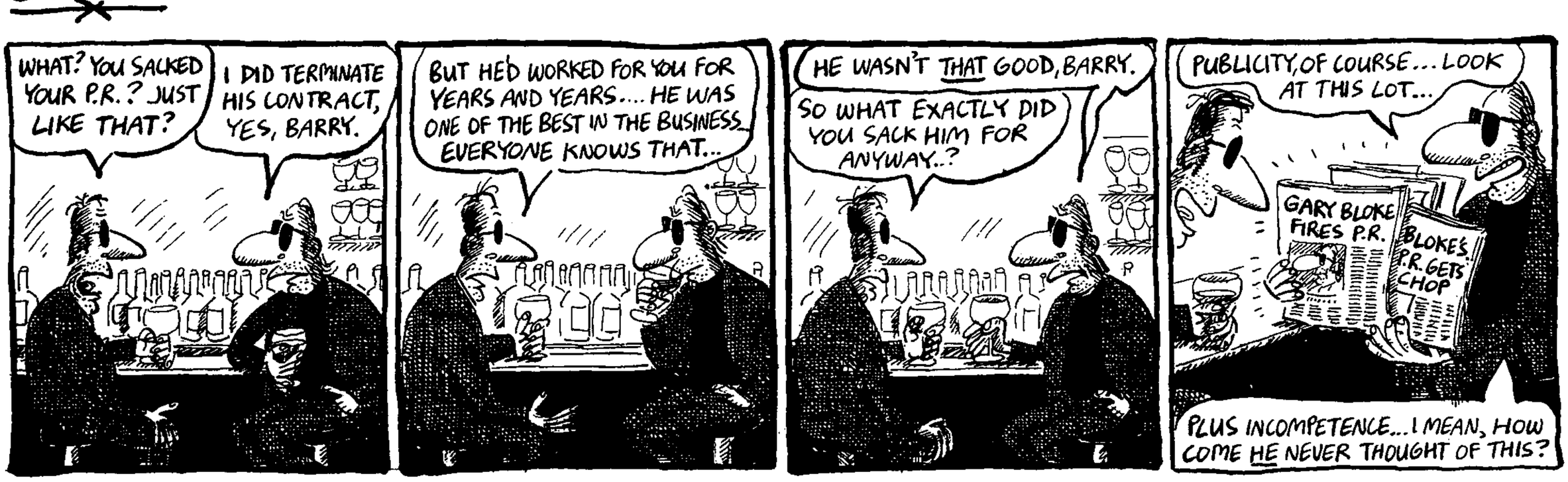
The plan was to include several companies in Turkey, where he spends most of his time, plus a new bank in Northern Cyprus. However, this dream suffered a severe wake-up when the Turkish-Cypriot authorities rejected his application for the new bank. They reminded him that he already has a bank — the Cyprus Industrial Bank — which owes the local social welfare fund $5m plus five years interest which it says it cannot repay because it lent the money to Nadir, who can't pay, won't pay. Nadir is also no longer in favour after his newspapers attacked local government ministers.

So the flotation plan could be yet another Nadir dream. Like his constant threats to sue the British government and the SFO.

'Slicker'

Celeb

LIGGER


WHAT? YOU SACKED YOUR P.R.? JUST LIKE THAT?
I DID TERMINATE HIS CONTRACT, YES, BARRY.
BUT HE'D WORKED FOR YOU FOR YEARS AND YEARS.... HE WAS ONE OF THE BEST IN THE BUSINESS. EVERYONE KNOWS THAT...
HE WASN'T THAT GOOD, BARRY.
SO WHAT EXACTLY DID YOU SACK HIM FOR ANYWAY..?
PUBLICITY, OF COURSE... LOOK AT THIS LOT...
GARY BLOKE FIRES P.R.
BLOKE'S P.R. GETS CHOP
PLUS INCOMPETENCE... I MEAN, HOW COME HE NEVER THOUGHT OF THIS?

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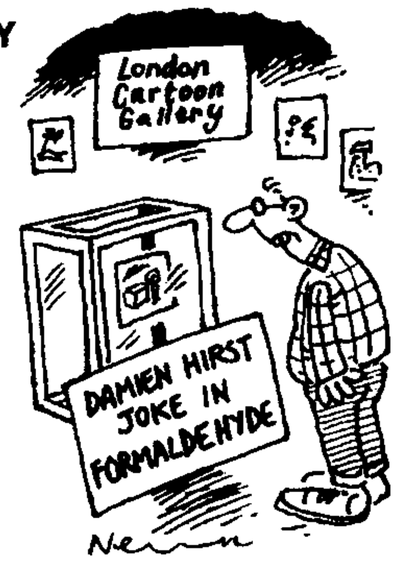

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QUOTE

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DAILY TELEGRAPH

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www.lovenet.co.uk wink wink!

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EQUITABLE LIFE refers to letters 'in the file' then can't produce them to the Ombudsman; also Document fabrication. Details? MARCUS fax 0171 405 3558.

SPEECHWRITING by Mitch Murray – see page 30.

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SPEECHWRITING by MITCH MURRAY – See Page 30.

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ELDERLY DISABLED LADY faces losing her home. Need £5000 – please help me. Lloyds 30-93-14, 3509519. Thankyou.

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needs financial help.
Lloyds Bank, 30-96-09, 1651535.
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DISABLED, DEBT-RIDDEN and increasingly desperate. Normally independent, I now need urgent financial assistance. Please help. Box 4358.

MA FILM STUDENT needs air – help me breathe. Lloyds 30-96-12, 0630391.

PLEASE HELP ME fund airfare. Voluntary aid worker. MANY THANKS. Midland 40-14-14, 51361228.

GENUINE YOUNG ARTIST needs donations/patron to make new work. All help gratefully acknowledged. Lloyds 30-91-57, 0277039.

FAMILY MAN may lose home – any amount gratefully received. HALIFAX 11-11-57, 00038812.

GENUINELY ISOLATED, destitute French lady, 42, needs fees Naturopath clinic and boarding school daughter 10 – Abbeynational 09 01 26, 31290455. Seek any life-in position. Tel: 01323 410782. Merci.

MARRIAGE LOST – daughter to support. Grateful for any help. Halifax 11-10-31, 00127229 or Box 4458.

DESPERATELY SEEKING security – mother of two urgently needs funds. Any help gratefully received. Box 4558.

EYE FINANCE

BRIAN MILTON seeks £400,000 sponsorship for evocative flying adventures before April. Budget includes TV filming, but not marketing. Must sign deal before November. Right sponsor gets NICE LITTLE EARNER. Box 0558.

BASIC MATHS written in revolutionary new way – so we can read, enjoy and understand. Publishers dragging feet. Help!!! Contacts/Cash investment. Box 3658.

COMEDY FILM PROJECT in aid of Children's charity seeks further sponsorship. Major names involved. Call 0181 544 0429.

EYE BET

CASINO BLACKJACK with PROJECT21 – brochure 01344 780259.

RELIABLE PEOPLE SOUGHT for lucrative gambling venture. Call now: 0033 148 753758.

EYE LET

NORTH DEVON FARM COTTAGE – ideal for groups, sleeps 20. Available all September. Ted Haynes 01598 710318.

EYE ESCAPE

VISIT VIETNAM – BROCHURE: 0171 727 5299.

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AWARD WINNING guided KAYAK-TOURS with SeaCanoe International in THAILAND, VIETNAM, the PHILIPPINES, POLYNESIA and LAOS. Ask about our videos. A true back to nature experience. info@seacanoe.com http://seacanoe.com Tel/Fax: 0171 691 9348.

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SOUTH AMERICA – adventure trips through the AMAZON over the ANDES and across PATAGONIA to RIO CARNIVAL. OVERLAND LATIN AMERICA – 01926 311332.

MURDER WEEKENDS and other ideas. WWW.Mayhem.org.uk. Telephone 0181 959 6579 for brochure.

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01293 533338
ATOL 3906

AFRICAN SAFARIS – 4 to 21 weeks camping adventures. For the best value game-watching & sightseeing, telephone PHOENIX EXPEDITIONS – 01509-881818.

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GREECE – CYCLADES – now even cheaper. Magical Aegean islands – Mykonos, Paros, Antiparos, Naxos, Santorini, Sifnos, etc. Studios, tavernas, small hotels, as quiet or as lively as you choose. Inclusive Holidays with SIMPLY SIMON HOLIDAYS 0171 373 1933. ATOL2578.

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CONSULT THE ORACLE! Affordable travel expertly predicted! Fully bonded. Tel/Fax: 01904 608941. Email: roywills@compuserve.com

LOWCOST WORLDWIDE flight specialists. Call 0171 287 1222, IATA/ATOL 3424.

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FLIGHT OPTIONS – telephone booking service. Tel: 01432 851062, Fax: 01432 850722, HENRY ROGERS, ATOL 3793.

EYE CONTACT

CHRISTMAS 98 – interesting people looking to spend it away from home (UK/Overseas), wanted for group effort. No couples, but age, gender etc. immaterial. Please write to Box 0658.

PLUMP PARTNERS – National Dating *Agency. If you are plump or prefer a plump partner – ring* 01352 715909.

AMERICAN LADIES seek BRITISH GENTLEMEN! Free details: TRANSATLANTIC CONNECTIONS, Box 2188-PE, San Pedro, California 90731, USA.

COVENT GARDEN – Singles Drinks Parties. Every Thursday and Saturday ages 30-50 – £15. Free Drinks & Buffet. 07000 301501.

FILIPINO ORIENTAL ANGLO SOCIAL CLUB – UK introductions, party 22/8/98, events. Martin/Marlene – 01493 308514/300063.

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THAI CONNECTIONS – free brochure, video £15. Geoff Rozenberg, 43 Trowbridge Gardens, Luton, LU2 7JY. 01582 481725.

ADULT CHATLINE – instant contact with women and girls 18+. Message exchange. Calls cost 60p per minute. JCG, BN22 8PW – 0640 644026.

FUN CONTACTS in exotic locations worldwide. Newsletter/details: 0973 615564.

BEAUTIFUL THAI LADIES – colour brochure SIAM INTRODUCTIONS (established 13 years) – 01689 860880.

EXCLUSIVE CONNECTIONS – the preferred singles magazine. Call 01784 246788, ext. 719.

INTERESTED IN NICE PEN PALS? World-wide? Info: Global Penfriends Service, Blumenstr. 44, 70182 STUTTGART, Germany.

MARGARET'S special PEN CLUB – make new friends today UK & overseas. SAE details: PO Box 1, Prestwick, Ayrshire KA9 1RJ. Est. 1986.

ADDITIONS – nationwide newsletter – Attached? Yet need a friend? – 0181 905 3304, 0181 958 9657 – total discretion assured. Featured on ITV, American TV, BBC, Radios 4/5. Established 1992.

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ATT CHED? Seeking romance? LO\ IG LINKS is Europe's leading qua discreet dating service. Call DA\ for a friendly chat on 0181 962 630 0171 460 7486. Featured on TV, Rad and National/International Pres www.lovinglinks.co.uk

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www.lovenet.co.uk Dating, personals...

CONTACT MAG for adults: over 900 photos. APPROVAL copy from: MATCHMAKER, (S.76), Chorley, PR7 4BSS. Or ring: 01257 480155 (24 hours).

PERSON TO PERSON – best singles magazine for friends / partners, U.K. or overseas. FREE DETAILS (Dept PE/8) P.O. Box 4, Goring-on-Thames, RG8 9DN.

AstroFree – 0500 820283.

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EYE LOVE

SENSUAL, BOOKISH, interesting man, 35, seeks thoughtful, enigmatic, perhaps absurdist woman, for literary arousal. Box 1558.

ARE YOU BLONDE, fit and female? Lively interesting Southwest male, 42, would like to meet you. You may be married like me. If not, fun and laughter still guaranteed. Box 0958.

SOUTHWEST MALE – relaxed, fit and 42, seeks positive, intelligent lady for lasting affair. Box 1058.

TALL, SLIM, PROF MALE, (54) with recently disabled wife has approval to continue active and fulfilling physical relationship with slim, young at heart female (25-50) for mutual pleasure giving. Fife. Box 1158.

NEW AVENUES – fellow, 54, fancies fast filly for romantic sorties. Has own business so travelling no problem. Suitably attractive, curvy, fun-loving female could act as 'P.A' on business trips in UK and abroad. Box 1858.

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I'm the one.
WILL YOU MARRY ME?
Bearer Bonds

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE with Bridget Jones tendencies, (33) seeks Mr Darcy type o.n.o. – 25-45, Brighton. Box 1658.

PRETTY DAMNED GOOD petite, mid 40's tomboy in N.W. seeks well humoured, sincere man. Letter, photo, phone number ensures reply – No husbands or wierdos please. Box 2158.

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SEEKS
RECKLESS HOPE
M, 45, recently abandoned,
seeks F to prevent him becoming
Bitter & Twisted of Oxon/Bucks
Box 1258.

FUNNY, SOLVENT investment banker (35) seeks sexy chick (22-30) for weekends away. Box 1358.

SERIOUSLY GORGEOUS wrongly imprisoned man seeks buxom, 40-something pen-pal for serious correspondence. Massive sense of humour essential. Box 0878.

HANDSOME MALE, 50, non smoker, fit, passionate – seeks Indian, Black American or West Indian lady, slim, also n.s, for adventures by day and night. South East London. Box 1458.

PRETTY WOMAN, 29, seeks tall, intelligent, humorous male for uncomplicated friendship/relationship. London/S.E. Photo? Box 1758.

ATTRACTIVE, POLISH LADY (Londoner) seeks business type, eligible bachelor, or widower up to age 55 – with humour and hopefully something green between his ears. Box 1958.

TALL, SENSATIONAL, SEXY, n/s widow, 50, wltm rich, wonderful, kind male for travel (cruising?) love, laughter and lust. Photo essential. Box 2058.

WANTED: SUCCESSFUL business man, 40+, for bubbly, intelligent lady. Box 2258.

IMPOTENT YET LIBIDINOUS tall enthusiastic unpretentious man – sparkle, charm pizazz, integrity, velvet toe-curling voice, magnetic smile, perhaps eccentric – wants romantic imaginative busty n/s woman (45ish-60), ideally liking tradjazz, for friendship, conversation, caring surprises, handholding and hugs, cuddles, eroticism, passion, mutual gratification, share serenity: ono! London/SE. (Bad) photo appreciated but optional. Box 2358.

ALMOST SOPHISTICATED male seeks 2-way considerate relationship with sassy, classy, quality lady, 38/45 within 2 hours of Nottingham. Box 2458.

FLOUNDERING LANDLUBBER seeks mermaid with waterwings for swimming lessons. Box 2658.

GENTLEMAN BIKER, 26, seeks lady pillion to ride astride Italian and British iron for weekend rumbles in the country. London/Home Counties. Send photo and tech spec. No tyre kickers or rice burners. Box 3158.

GOOD LOOKING, caring, sensuous, successful, assertive, generous European man (45), frequent visitor to London, seeks sexy woman, any age, any nationality, for mind and body stimulation. Photo welcomed. Box 2558.

PROFESSIONAL, VEGETARIAN woman – early 40s, medium build, seeks tall, erudite prof, n.s., non-sexist man, 35-45, W.Yorks. Box 2758.

COLIN, 39, SINGLE, shy, sensitive, attractive, seeks female for friendship etc. London. Letter and photo please. Box 2858.

TALL, EUROPEAN EXECUTIVE late forties, but very sporty, seeks single female, late thirties for wining, dining and uncomplicated relationship. If you are attractive, fun and easygoing, send your photo and number to Box 2958. Based S.W. London.

MALE, MIDLANDS – unhappily tied, seeks female for shows, exhibitions etc. Please write with address, photo to Box 3058.

NORTHERN BUSINESSMAN, single, 50, with black Labrador dog, seeks London lady who can accommodate one night per week. Box 3258.

TALL, VERY HANDSOME upmarket, amusing, very solvent, married, 48 – seeks very attractive female for discreet daytime meetings. Photo if possible. Box 1957.

TALL, AMUSING, assertive, sensuous, generous and successful Bristol and London man, 40, seeks a naughty younger woman for some discreet fun and games. I love travel, cinema, theatre, restaurants and dinner parties, music, keeping fit, nights on the town and weekends in the country. if you would like a fun relationship with some spice please write to me with your telephone number to Box 3056.

EYE SOLDIER

RAF OFFICER, 27, seeks brain dead (but rich) lingerie model, professional or amateur – for fun, affairs, love and marriage ONO. Box 3458.

SUBMARINERS DO IT DEEPER for longer – tall, unattached adolescent naval officer (37), London based, seeks fun-loving attractive and intelligent female to share late nights and weekends in search of that something special. Please write with your telephone number to Box 3358.

RAF OFFICER, 30, 5'7", n/s, Cambridgeshire based – seeks professional Sloaney lady, 21-28, for London fun and winter skiing. Photo and letter please. Box 0758.

EYE CATCHERS

LONDON. Pinstripe STILL yearns for well-loved jeans. Issue 956 EYE LOVE (14th ad) refers.

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Fill in or tick boxes where appropriate

Mr ☐ Ms ☐ ☐ ☐

Surname First Name

Address

Post Code

Tel. No. (optional)

Marital Status

Single ☐

Divorced ☐

Widowed ☐

Separated ☐

Age

Height

Occupation

Religion

Build

Slight ☐

Medium ☐

Large ☐

Attractiveness

V.Attractive ☐

Attractive ☐

Average ☐

Your Personality

Affectionate ☐ Fashion ☐

Serious ☐ Practical ☐

Considerate ☐ Conventional ☐

Shy ☐ Reliable ☐

Romantic ☐ Adventurous ☐

Your Interests

Wining/Dining ☐ Jazz/Folk ☐

Pubs ☐ Classical ☐

Sports/Keep Fit ☐ Theatre/Arts ☐

Politics/Mag ☐ Watching TV ☐

Reading ☐ Smoking ☐

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